MY RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION

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THE SOUTHERN BATTLE-FIELD.

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by,
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry.—
O, be it never heard again."

Dedication.

To Mary Cynthia,

Ben William

and

Frances Beulah

This volume is affectionately dedicated and inscribed by

THEIR FATHER.

PREFACE.

Why do you not write some of your personal recollections of the War of the Rebellion, and relate some of your personal experiences therein for the amusement and edification of your children? The above question was propounded to me by the mother of the children, some fifteen or more years after the war closed, and so pertinent was it that it seemed strange I had not thought of it before. I am aware that my experience was by no means an exceptional one, that there were very many whose army life was much more replete with thrilling adventure than I am able to relate, yet in a service somewhat varied and covering a period embracing the greater part of the war, there were circumstances that came under my personal observation which may be of interest to the persons for whom this record is especially made. The minor events of a great war are those less likely to be recorded, but even these to a "posterity that delights in details," will not be devoid of interest.

An army is a vast machine of which soldiers, and subordinate officers are component parts, and unquestioned obedience to the will of the commanding general is the chief element of success. This will

is made known by being handed down through the various grades of officers until it reaches the private soldier. Whatever the command may be, whether to march or encamp, to engage the enemy or retreat from him, in order that the component parts of the great machine may act in harmony, no questions should be asked and no criticisms made, but when moved upon by legally constituted power, one spirit should pervade the entire force and that of passive obedience. When in action, a private or subordinate officer knows little or nothing of what is going on in other parts of the field, nor is it necessary that he should know. His business is to attend to the work allotted to him, and help take care of his part of the line. Even the results may not be known to him for a time, and when ordered to move, he may not know whether it is in retreat or advance. So it was with many after the battle of the Wilderness, and so it was after many of the battles of the late war.

The incidents related in this little volume are chiefly confined to the regiment and battery to which I belonged, and yet what is true of one organization whether in camp or in the field, is to a certain extent, true of others. The drill, the guard duty and the camp sports are essentially the same, and since "war means killing," the methods adopted for this purpose in every action, are practically the same. The Twenty-third Maine Regiment served its term of enlistment in doing guard duty on the Potomac,

from Alexandria to Harper's Ferry. It had no engagement with the enemy, and yet the death rate was uncommonly large, thereby indicating the character of its service. The Seventh Maine Battery joined the army of the Potomac in the march to the Wilderness, and participated in all the subsequent engagements of that gallant army. There were a number of men, including the writer, who served in both of these organizations and had the varied experience incident to both. There were no two organizations that left the State to aid in putting down the rebellion, that contained a greater proportion of first class men than the two under consideration. Besides a large number of independent farmers, there were college graduates, merchants, mechanics, teachers and other professional men. They enlisted from purely patriotic motives, and served with an eye single to the preservation of the Union. More than thirty years have elapsed since the regiment was organized, and many of those who survived the war, have since gone the way of all the earth. The scope of this work will admit of only brief mention of any of them, but if such brief mention shall in any manner serve to keep green their memories and preserve the record of their sacrifices and heroic deeds, its preparation and its publication will not have been in vain.

The primary object of the publication of this book is the amusement and edification of my children. From it they will learn to some extent, of the causes

that led to the rebellion and secession of the Southern states. They will see how causeless and unjustifiable was the movement, and how pure and patriotic was the man on account of whose elevation to the presidency, they rebelled. They will see how an overruling Providence seemed to guide the Ship of State during the dreadful storm; how temporary defeat only served to intensify the patriotism of the loyal states, and how it became apparent that the curse of slavery must be removed before complete success could crown our efforts. Had success attended our armies in the earlier battles of the war, there is no doubt that a peace would have followed with legalized slavery retained. But this was not to be, and for the proclamation of emancipation, President Lincoln is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the whole American people and of the world. If there is one thing more than another for which I am grateful, it is that the slavery question has been settled, and so settled, in my day and generation, and has not been left as a troublesome legacy to my own and to other children of the coming generation. And there is no act of my life that I look back upon with so much satisfaction and pride, as to the humble part I bore in the war necessary to emancipate the slave. When I think of my years of service in the Union army, I feel that my life has not been entirely in vain.

By the perusal of these pages, you, my children, will learn something of what the preservation of the

union of these states has cost, and you will learn to prize it all the more highly. You will learn that it is cemented by the blood of hundreds of thousands of our patriotic people who sprang to arms to defend and preserve it. You will be told how they uncomplainingly endured every privation and hardship, and how they unflinchingly faced the cannon's mouth to beat back the rebel hordes that would destroy it, and you will learn to respect and revere their patriotic devotion to country. That what you may here read and learn, may increase your love of country, cause you to prize more highly the privileges you enjoy and make you better citizens, is the earnest wish of your

FATHER.

AUGUSTA, ME., Oct. 10, 1892.

ANTE BELLUM.

As far back as I can remember, I was, or thought myself, a Democrat. In my early childhood, the idea was instilled into me that the Tories of the Revolution were the most depraved of human beings, and that the Whigs were their immediate successors. I not only disliked the name of Whig but I was immediately prejudiced against any person who called himself a Whig, or who was so called by others. I felt that there was something wrong about him, and that he was not to be trusted. The first President of the United States whom I remember was Andrew Jackson, and to be able to join in a hurrah for Andrew Jackson, I considered a great privilege. Of what great things he had accomplished, I was entirely ignorant, but that he was a Democrat was all that my youthful fancy required, and I felt that I knew he was a great and good man, and a patriot. So of Martin Van Buren, his successor. When his election was announced, I felt that the country was safe for the time being, and that the Whigs, the allies of Great Britain and the enemies of the republic, had met with another signal defeat.

At the opening of the memorable Campaign of 1840, I was twelve years of age, and how much I

suffered from the noisy demonstrations of the Whigs, I cannot describe. It was the famous log cabin and hard cider campaign, and the enemies of the Democratic party were everywhere aggressive. The campaign songs in praise of Tippecanoe were in everybody's mouth, and accomplished more for the success of the party, than oratory, eloquence and argument. The Whig candidates were sung into office. What significance there was in the name bestowed upon the President, of "Old Tippecanoe," I did not know, or perhaps I might not have felt so sure that the success of the Whig party was also the success of the Tories and of England. It was some years later that I learned that Tippecanoe was the name of a river in Indiana, upon whose banks Gen. Harrison had fought a famous battle with the Indians, Nov. 11, 1811, near the beginning of the War of 1812, and that the Indians were incited to hostilities by the efforts of the emissaries of Great Britain. Nor had I then learned that both General Jackson and General Harrison, distinguished themselves in that war and were equally patriotic. I only knew that Jackson was a Democrat and Harrison a Whig, and that was enough for me to know, and in those days I felt that I knew it all.

I have since learned that soon after the War of the Revolution had given freedom to the colonies, two political parties came into existence having no reference to the war. One was led by Alexander Hamilton and contended for the centralization of

power in order to insure a strong national government. The other party was impersonated by Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, who contended for the diffusion of power among the states, or in other words, for the doctrine of state rights. These two systems of political doctrine have come down to us as an inheritance, and have in part, formed the issues that have entered into every political campaign. It was this doctrine of extreme state rights that gave a pretext for the slave holding states to secede and precipitate war between the two sections of the country, and it was the doctrine of a strong Federal government put in practice and thoroughly carried out, that subdued the rebellion and preserved the union of the states.

The issues which are before the people to-day directly involve these two antagonistic ideas which are older than the government of the United States. There are side issues like the money question, the tariff etc., but the real question is the centralization or diffusion of power. On the question of tariff as at present existing, the Democratic party claims that it is unconstitutional, and the question must eventually be determined by the courts. The question of currency which is forced upon the country as an issue, is presented in a form that brings into antagonism the State and Federal supervision. Now, I believe in a strong Federal government, sufficiently strong to protect itself in time of war,

whether at home or abroad, but when it comes to the centralization of power to give national control to railway and telegraphic lines, or to other branches of business that properly belong to private enterprise, I would say to the Federal government, "hands off." In our political campaigns, underlying principles have frequently been obscured by side issues, and it is well to bear in mind that underneath all these questions that are constantly being brought up and pressed to the front, lies the old and fundamental question of state rights, or the centralization and diffusion of power. This question, in some form, has been at issue since the formation of the government, is at issue now, and will be at issue for years to come.

President Harrison died in a month after his inauguration, and I felt that his death was providential. That it was the interference of a higher power to prevent the consummation of the plans and purposes of the Whig party. He was succeeded by John Tyler who had been elected upon the same ticket with him. It was generally understood at the time, that Tyler entertained views somewhat different from those of the leaders of his party, and soon after assuming the duties of the presidential office, this fact was fully demonstrated. The *Eastern Argus* was about the only paper that I read in those days, and I remember how I was comforted by the assurance found in the *Argus*, that Tyler, though elected as a Whig, was in reality a Demo-

crat; I felt that a second independence had been achieved and that the country was again safe. I remember a little triplet which the *Argus* printed and which so impressed itself upon my mind that I have not forgotton it in the half a century which has since elapsed. It was as follows:

> "Honor to whom honor is due.
> We forgive them for electing Tippecanoe
> Because they went for Tyler too."

At this period of my life, I knew but little about African slavery. I was aware that such an institution existed in the far South, but this was before the days of telegraphs and railways, and the multiplicity of newspapers, so that the knowledge I had of it was very indefinite. I do remember how shocked I was, when a colored man living in Paris named Nathan Fuller, the first and only negro I had ever seen, was hired to go to Virginia to cut timber, and was there sold into slavery by the monster who had hired him to work, but of the nature of his bondage. I knew nothing, and my sympathy for him was mainly because he could not return to visit his parents and his brothers and sisters. He was then about twenty-three years old, and his friends never heard from him after the report came that he had been sold. He was an intelligent fellow and had learned to read and write. He was probably murdered in being "broken in," for he was proud spirited and would prefer death to the kind of bondage that awaited him on the sugar plantation where he was sold to go.

Toward the close of President Tyler's administration, the question of the annexation of Texas began to be agitated. Texas had maintained a heroic struggle for independence, was settled largely by people from the states, and sympathy for the "Lone Star" was easily excited and quite general. There were those who shook their heads, and said it meant more slave territory, but the "Lone Star" shone so brightly as to dazzle the eyes of most people, that they could not or did not see what lay behind it. The act of annexation was passed by Congress, and was signed by President Tyler, three days before the expiration of his term of office, March 1, 1845.

The annexation question had entered largely into the campaign of 1844, although it was not much talked about in the political gatherings in Maine. I remember that I walked to Bethel Hill, a distance of eight miles, to hear Nathan Clifford and John Fairfield discuss the political issues of the day. Their talk was mainly upon the tariff, but it was eloquent and interesting, and I was very proud of them. It was known very well, that the annexation of Texas would bring on a war with Mexico, and I afterwards knew that the South desired that very result. The South knew that not only Texas, but a good broad area of Mexican territory would be annexed to the United States as the result of such a war, and that in most if not all of this territory, slavery could be made profitable.

About this time or a little before, the anti-slavery movement began to develop in the free states, and a liberty party had been formed in Maine. Its members were few in number, but they were men of energy and ability, conscientious in the work they had undertaken, men who stood high in the community, and who could express their views either in speaking or writing. Among their first efforts, was the dissemination of anti-slavery literature in the form of pamphlets and books, in which was shown up and painted in glowing colors, the enormity of the traffic in human beings, and the misery which followed in its train. The cruelties practiced under the American system were illustrated by both pen and pencil, so that the eye as well as the understanding could take in the whole scope of its atrocities. The separation of families was dwelt upon, the unrestrained licentiousness which the system permitted, and its demoralizing and brutalizing effect upon master as well as upon slave. These men were generally regarded as fanatical, and extremists they certainly were. Many of their statements were flatly contradicted by the political press, and some of them were doubtless untrue or greatly exaggerated; but still, it could not be successfully denied that all the abuses complained of, were possible.

In the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of California and other large areas of new territory, the South had triumphed. Sympathy for Texas in

her efforts to free herself from her disagreeable connection with the half civilized republic of Mexico, was kept at the front, while the real question, that of additional territory for slave labor, was kept carefully concealed. The aid of poetry was invoked, and the "Lone Star of Texas" became the theme of many a poetical effusion.

I well remember part of the first stanza of some verses which were set to the music of a well known Scotch song, and sung throughout the length and breadth of the land. This stanza began as follows:

"Texans who with Houston bled,
Texans Jackson often led;
Friends to you, our hearts are wed,
United let us be."

The war with Mexico which was brought on by the annexation of Texas, lasted from 1846 to 1848, when, as was expected, the Mexican armies were routed, and to secure peace, a large area of Mexican territory was ceded to the United States. General Zachary Taylor had conducted the operations against Mexico with distinguished ability. He was an officer in the regular army, and in no way responsible for the war, but after it was declared, he performed his duties like the brave and able soldier he was. In politics, he was a Whig, and with characteristic shrewdness, the Whigs selected him as their candidate for President in 1848, and he was triumphantly elected. The Democrats nominated Lewis Cass of Michigan. Though a Virginian by birth, President Taylor's views upon

the subject of slavery, were not in accord with those of the Southern extremists, and his recommendations in his first and only message, gave them great offense.

While a violent discussion was going on in Congress relative to his recommendations, and other measures relating to the peculiar institution, President Taylor died after five days' illness, July 9, 1850. Millard Fillmore of New York, Vice-President, now succeeded to the presidential office.

The Mexican War was opposed by Daniel Webster and by many other leading Whigs, partly because it was a Democratic measure, and partly because it was regarded by them as waged in the interests of slavery. On that account, the Whig party came to be regarded as anti-slavery so far as the extension of that institution into territory where it did not already exist, was concerned. A proviso was introduced into the bill relating to the disposition of the territory acquired from Mexico, which forever excluded slavery from it, and this proviso was supported by the Whigs and by many Northern Democrats, and was defeated only by a parliamentary trick.

In 1852, the fugitive slave bill was passed by Congress and receiving the signature of President Fillmore, became a law. The President also expressed his determination to have it rigidly enforced. This alienated from him many of his strongest supporters, but Daniel Webster who was his Secre-

tary of State, stood by him. This action of Mr. Webster was regarded by many of his friends and former Whig associates as a bid for the presidency, and he never afterwards had their confidence and support.

You may now desire to know what were my views and feelings upon these great questions which were agitating the public mind, for I was then old enough to have ideas of my own, though I have to confess that they were warped somewhat by prejudice, and early influences. I was opposed to negro slavery, believing it to be unjust and wicked. I held it to be incompatible with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, a document which I had ever regarded as sacred, and also as incompatible with the fundamental principles of our free government. But it was a local institution, confined to the South, and I felt that the North had no right to meddle with it. It was all wrong, but the South alone was responsible for it. I did not believe it was recognized in the constitution of the United States, and therefore, could not in any sense be regarded as national. I felt that Congress had the right to prevent its extension into new territory, but had no right to abolish it or in any way interfere with it in those states where it existed when the constitution was framed and adopted. Had the South been content to let it remain as it was, in all human probability, the institution would have remained to this day and perhaps forever. The slave power

was aggressive, and was not only determined to carry slavery into all acquired territory where it could be made profitable, but they were constantly calling for new safeguards to be thrown around it. When Missouri and Maine were admitted into the Union in 1820, there was a compromise entered into and embodied in the bill for the admission of Missouri, which provided that slavery should not exist north of a certain line specified.

I had not lost all confidence in the Democratic party in 1852, although my confidence had been somewhat shaken by the compromise measures, and by the passage of the fugitive slave bill, but I consoled myself that, as this measure was passed during a Whig administration, the Whigs were responsible for it, although I could not lose sight of the fact that a practically solid South had demanded, and voted for the obnoxious measure. Obnoxious it was, and could not be otherwise. It recognized slavery as a national institution, and made every man a slave hunter. Parties in Congress were divided upon the question. Democrats and Whigs supported the measure, and Democrats and Whigs voted against it.

Franklin Pierce was nominated for President. He was a New England man, and had not been especially prominent in public affairs. The platform upon which he was placed was plausible and appeared conciliatory. I had faith in the candidate and voted for him. But as soon as he was inau-

gurated, he gave evidence that he was only a pliant tool in the hands of the Southern slave-holders, who made every other issue and interest subservient to their peculiar institution. During his administration, the Missouri Compromise Act was repealed and the troubles in Kansas occurred. The South was determined that Kansas should be a slave state, and the North was equally determined that it should be free. There was a reign of violence there, and all law and order were trampled under foot. The elections were controlled by people from the neighboring slave state of Missouri, who were not residents, but came for the sole purpose of controlling the elections in the interest of the slave-holders. During this contest, President Pierce was in full accord with the South, and prostituted his high office to further their schemes. He characterized the formation of a free state government in Kansas as an act of rebellion. But it was all to no purpose. The fiat had gone forth from the millions of the free North that Kansas should be free and a free state it became. The repeal of the Missouri compromise, the troubles in Kansas and the intensely pro-slavery attitude of President Pierce, created great excitement throughout the country, and it required no prophetic vision to foretell that the old parties must soon break up and give place to other two great parties, between which the slavery question would be the paramount issue. The enforcement of the fugitive slave law was resisted by large numbers in

the free states, and "underground" railways by which fugitives from the South were aided in reaching Canada, were known to exist in nearly every free state. The anti-Slavery or Abolition party which at first was characterized as a band of fanatics and disorganizers, and was looked upon with contempt by both the old parties, had now assumed large proportions. They had eminent representatives in both branches of Congress, and some of the ablest men in the country had joined their ranks.

Meantime, a new element had entered into the politics of the State of Maine which for a time overshadowed all other issues. This was the Maine Liquor Law issue. In 1851, the Maine Legislature passed a law for the suppression of drinking houses and tippling shops. The legislature was Democratic in its make-up, but there was a large number of Whigs and a good sprinkling of Free-soilers elected. In 1850, the Freesoil candidate for Governer in Maine, polled over seven thousand votes. The prohibitory law was bitterly opposed by the leading Democratic members and by a few of the Whigs, but it was passed by both branches, signed by Governor Hubbard, and became a law of the State. Governor Hubbard, according to Democratic usage, was entitled to a re-election, but when the convention was held, he was opposed by the anti-Maine Law element of his party, and after his nomination this element met in convention and nominated an anti-Maine Law candidate which

resulted in the defeat of Governor Hubbard. This year the Freesoil party polled less than two thousand votes, most of the Freesoilers voting for Hubbard in order to sustain the Maine Law. In 1853, the Maine Law men held a convention and nominated a candidate of their own. This year, the new party polled about eleven thousand votes, and the following year, having nominated the same candidate, they gave him nearly forty-five thousand votes and they not polling quite enough to elect him, he was elected by the Legislature. The effect of the contest over the Maine Liquor Law, was to break party lines, to bring together those who thought alike under a new and powerful organization, which in 1856, became national and took the name of the Republican party. This party in Maine was committed to prohibition of the liquor traffic, and to opposition to slavery extension. In its first campaign under the new name, its candidate for Governor polled nearly seventy thousand votes and was elected Governor by a large majority. The Freesoilers had no separate organization this year, and the Whigs only polled a small vote. In 1857, there was no Whig candidate for Governor, and the Republican majority was nearly twelve thousand.

In the national issue of 1856, the two candidates for the presidency were James Buchanan, Democratic, and John C. Freemont, Republican. The contest was a very exciting one. The New England and most of the Northern and Western states,

voted for Freemont electors, but the South was solid for Buchanan, and he was elected, securing 174 electoral votes, to 114 for Freemont; Millard Fillmore, the Whig candidate, secured only eight electoral votes.

With the campaign of 1856, the first national campaign of the Republican party, I was in full accord, both upon state issues which involved the re-enactment of the Maine law which the Democrats the year previous had repealed, and upon the national question which involved the further extension of slavery. The result of that campaign has already been told. Mr. Buchanan's administration, like that of his predecessor, was characterized by weakness and indecision. Like his predecessor, he yielded implicit obedience to the slave oligarchy which had given him the office. During his administration, the troubles in Kansas continued. John Brown made his famous demonstration at Harper's Ferry and was captured and hung, and toward its close, the secession movement began. Mr. Buchanan had no word of censure for the South, but attributed the cause of the trouble to Northern agitation of the slavery question, contending that Congress had no power to force into submission a seceding or seceded state. His official acts encouraged secession, and his subordinates made every preliminary provision to make it successful. The Secretary of War dismantled all the Northern arsenals, and transferred the ordnance stores to the South.

and the Secretary of the Treasury used up all the available funds of the government, and had not a dollar to transmit to his successor.

The contest for the presidency in 1860, was a quadrangular one. The Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, the Democratic convention nominated Stephen A. Douglass of the same state, while those who intended to secede in case the Republican party should succeed, which seemed quite probable, put in nomination John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky. The "Constitutional Whig" party nominated John Bell. Upon the result of the campaign hung mighty issues, and it was one of the most exciting in the history of the government. Abraham Lincoln was elected, having secured 180 electoral votes, to 72 for Breckenridge, 39 for Bell and 12 for Douglass. John Bell of Tennessee was nominated by the anti-Lecompton Democrats, the "know-nothings," and the old line Whigs. Mr. Lincoln's election was so decided as to remove all doubt as to what was the intention of the people of the United States upon the slavery question, and the South began to make preparations for carrying out their threats of secession. As soon as the result became known, drumming and drilling began all over the South. South Carolina was the first state to declare herself out of the Union, and others followed, until the whole South was arrayed against the general government.

The conception and animus of the slave-holders' rebellion, and probably some of its plans had ex-

isted for many years, but its initial point or beginning may be placed at the fifth day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty. It had smouldered long and had broken out at least on two occasions, but it was at the date above named that it took form and its organization was begun. It was on that day that the Governor of South Carolina, a state which had long manifested a spirit of disloyalty to the national government, sent by the hand of a special messenger, a confidential communication to the governors of what were generally denominated the Cotton States. The object of this circular letter was to obtain an interchange of opinions which he might be at liberty to submit to some of the leading citizens of South Carolina. He assured the governors that as soon as it should become certain that a majority of Lincoln delegates had been chosen, the state of South Carolina would call a convention, and in case a single state should secede from the Union, his own state would speedily follow. And should no other state take the initiative, South Carolina would take the lead, if she could be assured that other states would follow. He advised concert of action and sought for information as to the disposition and proposed action of other states.

Other states were not long in responding, North Carolina being the first. The answer of the Governor of this state was quite conservative. He stated the election of Lincoln, taken by itself would not be considered a sufficient cause for disunion and

that his state would probably not call a convention. Alabama responded that she would not secede alone but would declare herself out of the Union if two other states would go out with her. Mississippi was ripe for the movement and ready to co-operate. Louisiana hesitated, and the Governor responded that he should not advise secession and did not think his state would decide in favor of it. Georgia would wait for some overt act. Florida, after the lapse of a month, responded enthusiastically for a disrupture of the union of the states.

It was thus demonstrated that outside of South Carolina and Florida, the rebellion at this time was by no means a popular movement, but was a conspiracy among certain fire-eating politicians, which the masses of the people neither desired nor expected, but which they were eventually made to support and uphold by the artful schemes of these same conspiring politicians. South Carolina had long been the school of treason, and the writing of the letters to other states was only a matter of form, for before the answers were received, the consultation which they asked for had been held and the plans for insurrection and revolution fully agreed upon. To the legislature which had been elected in October, and was called together in special session Governer Gist, on the fifth of November sent a revolutionary message, this being the first official notice of insurrection and revolution. From this time everything was managed in a manner to

increase the revolutionary furor. The legislature of South Carolina ordered a convention, made large appropriations and passed bills for organizing and equipping the militia; companies were enrolled in all the principal cities; there were constant drills, harrangues, bonfires, the display of secession flags, cockades, and nothing was left undone calculated to arouse the popular furor. A new Governor was elected of a still more pronounced secession type, and at a convention begun on the seventeenth day of December, first at Columbia, and afterward by adjournment, at Charleston, a so called ordinance of secession was passed on the twentieth, a little after noon.

It is not within the scope of this work to follow minutely the progress of the secession movement from this time forward to the beginning of the great sanguinary struggle which followed the inauguration of President Lincoln. Suffice it to say that the secession of South Carolina was followed by that of all the Cotton States and not only of these but of Virginia and others. The conspiracy had also established itself in the highest official circles of the national administration. Three Southern members of the cabinet became ardent and active disunionists, besides a large number of subordinate officials who, regardless of their oaths of office, labored to the best of their ability to promote the success of the conspiracy. In the hands of such men, President Buchanan who had become old and enfeebled in

health, was completely powerless. A feeble effort was made to re-enforce and supply the garrison in Fort Sumter, but the vessel carrying relief was fired upon and obliged to turn back without accomplishing her object.

The national capital was a hotbed of secession, and treason stalked openly and unrebuked through the streets in broad day-light. Buchanan tried to arouse himself a little, but the members of his cabinet were all traitors, and he had no more power to act than a dead man, and in fact he was practially dead. Some effort was made by Congress to avert the coming storm. A Peace Congress assembled at Richmond, Va., on the day of the meeting of the legislature of that state. Among the members was Hon. Lot M. Morrill, United States Senator from Maine. Several propositions were offered and discussed, but nothing was acomplished.

The new rebel government proceeded to seize and appropriate all the property of the United States government in the seceded states. This included all the custom houses, post office buildings, forts, arsenals, store-houses, ordnance and ordnance stores, the sub-treasury and the mint. As the time drew near for President Buchanan to retire from office the Southern members of his cabinet and the heads of departments, began to sneak away from Washington, and the officers of the regular army whose sympathies were with secession, left their commands and went South. The convention for

the organization of the rebel government was called to meet at Montgomery, Alabama, on the fourth of February when Jefferson Davis was chosen president, and Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president.

Abraham Lincoln left his home in Springfield, Illinois, on the eleventh of February, accompanied by a few friends, for Washington. Through the Western states, also through Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, he was everywhere received with the honor due to the President-elect of a great and free people. At Philadelphia he assisted in the raising of a United States flag over Independence Hall, on which occasion he made a very impressive speech. As he drew near the line which separated the slave from the free states, there was a decided change in the treatment he received.

The secession element was very strong in Baltimore, and the papers of that city had articles calculated to incite tumult and mob violence. It had been openly threatened that Mr. Lincoln should not live to be inaugurated, and there is no doubt that his assassination had been decided upon. But by secretly taking a train on the evening of February 22, the day before he was expected to leave, he passed through Baltimore unknown and unsuspected, and on the morning of the twenty-third, reached Washington. This step was taken on the advice of his friends and against his own wishes, but subsequent developments showed it to have been the part of wisdom. He was inaugurated and

assumed the duties of his office on the fourth of March, but instead of a united government to uphold and sustain him in his responsible duties, he stood face to face with another self-constituted government, holding positions and maintaining assumptions so palpably and diametrically opposed to his own, as to necessitate an early collision.

BELLUM.

Fort Sumter was an important defensive work in the harbor of Charlestown, South Carolina, and was commanded by Major Robert Anderson of the regular army. After the rebels had seized the government property in Charlestown and elsewhere, Major Anderson, to avoid a collision left his quarters in Fort Moultrie, and with his small force, retired to Fort Sumter. This was on the night of December 26, 1860. On the fifth day of January, following, the steamer Star of the West left New York with supplies and re-enforcements for the beleaguered fort. A dispatch from New York was immediately sent by secession sympathizers to the authorities at Charleston, informing them of the sailing of the vessel, its destination and object. When the Star of the West reached Charleston harbor and attempted to steam toward the fort, she was fired upon by Fort Moultrie and a battery on Morris Island, and being struck by a shot, without communicating with Major Anderson, she returned to New York. This was the first hostile gun. On the eleventh of April, the surrender of the fort was demanded by General Beauregard, and on its refusal by the patriotic and heroic Anderson, fire was opened

upon it on the twelfth. To man the fort he had less than a hundred men, and only a few guns that were in a condition to be used. Besides he was short of supplies of every kind. He made a manful resistance and surrendered only when he could no longer hold it. His surrender was made on the thirteenth, and on the fourteenth, he marched out with colors flying. The fort was repaired by the rebels, and formed the chief defence of Charlestown until the close of the war.

The news of the attack and surrender of Fort Sumter was immediately flashed over the country, and created intense excitement. There was indignation in the North which found expression in words and deeds, and there was exultation at the South that the ball had been put in motion, and that the first victory, though a barren one, was in favor of the confederacy.

On the fifteenth day of April, the day succeeding the surrender of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling forth the militia of the several states, to the number of seventy-five thousand men, to be used in the suppression of the rebellion and to cause the laws to be duly executed; and also calling an extra session of Congress on the fourth day of July. This proclamation was received with general approval throughout the free states, though there were those in every town and community, who sympathized with the South, and who opposed the coercion back into the Union, of the

seceded states. Under this proclamation, one regiment of infantry was assigned as the quota of Maine.

Not much had been done in Maine for many years toward keeping up the militia. There were a few companies scattered over the State, which were officered and some of them were quite proficient in drill. The Norway Light Infantry was the only one in Oxford county, and this was not officered with any view to active service. This was the first company to respond to the call of the Governor of Maine. Some of its officers having resigned, others were appointed and the ranks were speedily filled by volunteers from Norway and the adjoining towns. Quite a large proportion of the men, and all the officers, were from Norway. This company was assigned to the First Maine Regiment, went into camp for a short time in Portland, and then was ordered to Washington. Its term of enlistment was three months, and it remained in the vicinity of the capital during that time. At the first battle of Bull Run, it was ordered to the front, but the order was countermanded before the regiment had started.

At the opening of the War of the Rebellion, I was a single man, engaged in the practice of medicine at Bryant's Pond. I was then thirty-three years of age, and in the enjoyment of good health. A year previous my office had been burned, destroying my library, medical and surgical instruments

and implements, my stock of medicines, my wearing apparel except what I had on at the time, and all my private papers. There was no insurance, and the loss was a severe one. I was recovering somewhat from the shock when the war broke out, and was achieving a good degree of success in my profession. I had been a strong partisan in the campaign that resulted in the election of Lincoln, and I believed that when the overthrow of the government over which he had been called to preside, was threatened, it was my duty as well as that of others, to rally to his support.

The Legislature of Maine had been called together by the Governor on the sixteenth of April, and a large majority were enthusiastic in support of the general government. An act was passed providing for raising ten regiments of infantry, and authorizing a loan of a million dollars. The first regiment was mustered in for three months and the second for two years. The second was from the eastern part of the State, while the first was from the central and western portions. As soon as the legislature had made provision for raising troops, I went to Augusta and took out enlistment papers, the first given to a citizen of Oxford county. Governor Washburn advised me not to try to recruit a company, but said he would appoint me assistant surgeon of some regiment, the first opportunity; and, said he, "you may consider yourself the same as appointed if you desire

such a position and will take it." But this did not exactly suit my purpose. I had talked war in the town where I lived, and expressed myself determined to take a hand in it. I had boarded for some years at a hotel kept by two Democrats. We were good friends enough in other respects, but differed widely in politics. In speaking of going into the army, they had told me that I should really sacrifice nothing by going; that I would go in my profession; would not be exposed to danger, and would really be professionally benefited by the experience I should have. It was largely on account of this talk which had been repeated again and again, that I determined to go in some different capacity than my profession.

I received the recruiting papers and returned to Bryant's Pond. Notice was given through the *Oxford Democrat*, and by posters, and men came in about as fast as I could enroll them. In a few days I had two-thirds of a company in camp, and it became necessary that they should be drilled. I had never had any experience in military affairs, and not one who had been enlisted was competent for a drill-master. In this emergency, I made arrangements with Moses Houghton of Greenwood who had been a captain in the old militia, to take charge of the company. He could not do this without compensation, and so we arranged that he should be elected captain and fill that position until the regiment should be ready for muster into

United States service, when he was to retire, and I was to succeed him. Mr. Houghton was passed middle life, and his health had become so impaired that he did not think it prudent for him to go into active service at the front. Meantime, I commenced drilling and the study of tactics, and was preparing myself to assume command of the company, at the time agreed upon. A full company had been raised and reported, and we were daily expecting to be ordered into camp in Portland. But the response had been more general than it was supposed it would be, and after the complement of the six regiments which the general government would accept from Maine had been made up, eighteen full companies, including the one I had recruited at Bryant's Pond, were, in accordance with general orders, paid off and mustered out of the State service. This was a great disappointment to many, and not a few were thoroughly disgusted. I believed it to be premature, and subsequent events justified that belief. I had become convinced that the South was thoroughly in earnest, that her resources had been greatly underrated, and that a protracted and sanguinary contest would be necessary for a restoration of the Union. It was not long before there was another call for troops. The battle of Bull Run had been fought, the Union troops defeated and had been driven back into the defences of Washington. The gigantic character of the struggle now began to be

appreciated, and every loyal state was speedily put upon a war footing. During the summer and fall, Maine regiments were organized from the First to the Fifteenth. Six batteries of Light Artillery were also raised, and a full regiment of Cavalry. The First Maine, which was mustered out early in August, was reorganized as the Tenth.

After my disappointment at not going into one of the early regiments, I was in no hurry to re-enlist. My interest in the contest, however, was unabated, and I expected to have a part in it before it was over. But there was no lack of men during the first year of the war. Regiments were speedily filled, and when organized, there were always more than the number required. I had a father and mother somewhat advanced in years who had for several years depended almost entirely upon me for their support. Two of my brothers had enlisted, and after the first fiery ardor had abated, I determined to wait until my services should be needed. I remained at Bryant's Pond during the summer. I had enlistment papers all the time, and during the season recruited a good many men. Late in the autumn of 1861, Governor Washburn sent for me to go to Augusta, to assist in looking after the sick of the different regiments in camp at that place. There was some trouble and delay about the appointment of a surgeon of the Fifteenth Maine Regiment, and I was first assigned to duty as acting surgeon of that regiment. I at-

tended the morning calls and prescribed for the sick for two or three weeks, when a surgeon and assistant were appointed, and I was relieved. Winthrop Hall had been fitted up as a temporary general hospital and put in charge of Dr. Seth C. Hunkins, and at his request I was assigned to duty there. There were then three regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry and several batteries of Light Artillery in camp in Augusta, and there was a large amount of sickness. Measles had broken out, and the hospital was very soon over-crowded with those stricken down with the disease. The first attacks were not unusually severe, but many insisted on returning to their quarters on account of the crowded condition of the hospital, before having fully recovered. They had Sibley tents for quarters, and the cold became very severe. Those who had returned prematurely to their quarters, generally had a relapse, and were sent back to Winthrop Hall Hospital to die of pneumonia. I cannot tell how many died, but there were several deaths each day for several days.

I remained in Augusta until spring, when the troops left for the front, and I returned to Bryant's Pond. During the season of 1862, four regiments of three years men were recruited and sent out of the State. I received permission and papers to recruit part of a company for the Sixteenth Maine Regiment, and was to have a commission. I took my men to Augusta, but so many commissions had been promised that I was again left out.

THE TWENTY-THIRD MAINE REGIMENT.

During the summer of 1862, the Peninsular campaign proved a failure and the army of the Potomac retreated to James river. General Pope then took command and was badly defeated in what was known as the second battle of Bull Run which was fought Aug. 30th. The President called for troops to serve for nine months and Maine was called upon to furnish eight regiments. The Twenty-third Maine was raised in Oxford and Androscoggin counties and went into camp near Portland early in September. They were here in camp when the battle of Antietam was fought September 17th. A large number of personal friends joined this regiment so I went to Portland and enlisted as a private on the quota of Paris. Soon afterward, I was appointed by Col. Wm. W. Virgin, commissary sergeant, and had quarters with the non-commissioned staff. My messmate was Samuel R. Carter, a lawyer from Paris who had been appointed quartermaster sergeant. The quartermaster was William Bray of Turner. Company F of this regiment was made up of quotas from Paris, Rumford, Dixfield, and some other smaller

towns. Horace N. Bolster of Paris was commissioned captain, Joseph H. Abbot of Rumford, first lieutenant and Geo. M. Park, second lieutenant. When the time came for mustering the regiment into the United States service, for some cause never explained, Lieutenant Park declined to be mustered and there was therefore, a vacancy in Company F. Solomon C. Bolster, brother of the captain, was orderly sergeant and first in the line of promotion. But Quartermaster Bray desired to have his brother appointed commissary sergeant, and the only way that this could be accomplished was to provide some other place for me. This vacancy gave him the desired opportunity and he at once set about getting me into it. He consulted with and gained over the colonel before approaching me on the subject. When he and the colonel presented the matter to me, I hesitated. Although enlisted on the quota of Paris, I was from the town of Woodstock, and the quota from Woodstock had united with that from Turner. I knew that Sergeant Bolster wanted and expected promotion, and as he was very popular with the men, I felt that if forced upon the company without its consent, the place might be made uncomfortable for me. I very soon learned however, that a respectable number of the rank and file of the company were not particular about having the place given to Bolster, and were willing it should go in some other direction. When it became known that an effort was being

made to have me appointed, quite a number came to me and desired me to accept, if appointed. The officers both commissioned and non-commissioned, bitterly opposed me, and sent a strong petition to Governor Washburn in favor of Bolster. But Governor Washburn had previously written me that he would appoint me if I would accept, and finally, at the earnest solicitation of Quartermaster Bray and others, I wrote the Governor that I would accept the position. The hostility to me in the company manifested itself in various ways. So marked was it, that I did not mess with the officers until about the time we were ordered to Washington. Emmons, the company cook, was my friend, and so I did not go hungry. Lieutenant Abbot did not remain long in the service. Soon after the regiment reached the Potomac, he was taken sick and sent in his resignation which was promptly accepted. I was then promoted to first lieutenant and Sergeant Bolster to second lieutenant. This was satisfactory to all parties, and peace and harmony prevailed in the company from that time. The company as finally made up was as follows:

Captain—Horace N. Bolster.

First Lieut—Wm. B. Lapham.

Second Lieut—Solomon C Bolster.

First Sergeant—James H. Barrows, Paris.

Sergeants—Elery F. Goss, Paris; Oscar M. Tucker, Peru; Joseph P. Packard, Paris; Olcott B. Poor, Andover.

Corporals—Daniel H. Young, Paris; Lewis B. Newton, Andover; Aurestus S. Perham, Paris; Gilbert E. Shaw, Paris; Horace Holman, Dixfield; Geo. H. Barrows, Paris; Edward E. Stevens, Rumford.

Promoted Corporals—Hazen M. Abbot, Rumford; Marion Holman, Dixfield; Hiram H. Jackson, Paris; Henry A. Ryerson, Paris; John F. Libby, Dixfield.

Promoted Sergeant—Aurestus S. Perham, Paris.

Musicians—Geo. W. Young, Paris; Daniel D. Delano, Peru.

Wagoner—Joseph Brown, Milton plantation.

PRIVATES.

Bennet, John P.,	Newry
Berry, William,	Greenwood
Bessee, Isaac R.,	Paris
Bird, John M.,	Paris
Brickett, Henry F.,	Andover
Cole, Geo. W., Jr.,	Paris
Cummings, Isaac D.,	"
Cummings, John C.,	"
Dunham, Chas. W.,	"
Dunham, James P.,	"
Eastman, Holland F.,	Dixfield
Emmons, Israel F.,	Greenwood
Farrar, Albert A.,	Paris
Farrar, Granville M.,	"
Foster, Lysander P.,	Peru
Frost, Samuel B.,	Newry

Giles, Dexter,	Paris
Giles, Geo. W.,	"
Goodwin, Joel,	Rumford
Goodwin, Samuel,	"
Golder, Nathan D.,	Byron
Gray, Wm. L.,	Paris
Gurney, Victor,	"
Holman, Asa,	Dixfield
Holman, Fairfield Jr.,	"
Holman, Horace,	"
Hopkins, Isaac W.,	"
Howe, Charles F.,	Rumford
Jackson, Lewis L.,	Paris
Jackson, Samuel C.,	"
Knight, Hiram P.,	"
Knight, Hudson,	"
Lang, Wm. P.,	Rumford
Lufkin, Chas. A. E.,	"
Martin, Winfield S.,	"
Merrill, John E.,	Paris
Mitchel, Simon D.,	Byron
Morey, Ainsworth W.,	Rumford
Morton, Charles H.,	Andover
Morton, Milton,	Paris
Morse, Joseph H.,	"
Newton, John D.,	Andover
Poland, James B.,	Peru
Porter, John,	Paris
Pratt, Edwin P.,	"
Richardson, Calvin,	Greenwood

Segar, Jarvis M.,	Rumford
Severy, Eben D.,	Dixfield
Smith, Andrew J.,	Paris
Stevens, Wm. F.,	Rumford
Stiles, Enoch D.,	Greenwood
Swift, Chandler,	Paris
Twitchell, Geo. H.,	"
Tucker, Hannibal S.,	Peru
Virgin, Chas. K.,	Rumford
Virgin, Geo. D.,	"
Virgin, James M.,	"
Walker, Caleb E.,	"
Walker, Geo. E.,	Paris
Warren, Daniel O.,	Dixfield
Winslow, Andrew,	"
Woodis, Wm.,	Paris
Young, Freeland,	"

DIED WHILE IN THE SERVICE.

Lewis B. Newton, November 2, 1862; Levi N. Bonney, October 24, 1862; Silas F. Jones, November 12, 1862; Isaac R. Bessee, December 17, 1862; Lysander P. Foster, January 24, 1863.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

Joseph P. Packard, January 11, 1863; Daniel D. Delano, February 2, 1863; John P. Bennett, March 6, 1863; Hiram P. Knight, December 18, 1862; William Woodis, February 3, 1863.

RETURNED TO THE RANKS.

George W. Young, Joseph Brown, Daniel H. Young.

The recruits for the regiment began to gather at the rendezvous in Portland early in September. The Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Maine Regiments occupied part of the same encampment. The regiment was mustered into United States service September 29th, 1862, to serve for nine months.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Wm. Wirt Virgin, Colonel; Enos. T. Luce, Lieut. Colonel; Alfred B. Soule, Major; Winthrop H. Hall, Adjutant; William Bray, Quartermaster; Jesse P. Sweat, Surgeon; Richard R. Ricker, Assistant Surgeon; Joseph C. Snow, Chaplain; Royal E. Whitman, Sergeant Major; Samuel R. Crocker, Quartermaster Sergeant; Wm. B. Lapham, Commissary Sergeant; Stephen B. Kenney, Hospital Steward; Wm. W. Foss, Drum Major; Robert M. Sykes, Fife Major.

Before leaving the State, William B. Lapham was commissioned second lieutenant of Company F, and Philip Bray was appointed commissary sergeant. The only changes in the Field and Staff during the term of service was the resignation of Dr. Richard R. Ricker, January 2, 1863, and the appointment of Dr. William C. Towle as his successor, the promotion of Adjutant Winthrop H.

Hall to be Captain of Company B, and the promotion of Henry A. Noreross, Second Lieutenant of Company A to be Adjutant.

After muster into the United States service and while in camp in Portland, drilling both company and regimental, was the order of the day. Colonel Virgin had been a militia captain, and was well up in the tactics, while Lieutenant Colonel Luce made up in enthusiasm and perseverance what he at first lacked in practical knowledge, and soon became a very efficient officer. In pleasant weather, there was company drill in the forenoon and battalion drill in the afternoon every week day. There was daily present, a large number of visitors, mostly relatives and friends of the soldiers, and the enlisted men were quite frequently permitted to visit the city. My duties until mustered as lieutenant, consisted in dealing out rations to the men, consisting of fresh beef, dessicated potatoes, salt pork, beans, hard bread and sometimes soft bread, lodging with the quartermaster sergeant and taking my meals with the cook of Company F. Abner F. Jackson of Norway received the appointment of sutler of the regiment, and had his quarters erected and opened for business before the regiment was mustered in. He drove a thriving trade while the troops were in Portland, and had for customers many from other regiments.

About the middle of October Colonel Virgin received orders for the regiment to break camp and

proceed to Washington. I was mustered in as Second Lieutenant of Company F on the 14th of October, and when orders to go to Washington came, I was with that company. There was great interest to know where we were to be sent after reaching Washington, but we could only speculate. The camp was full of rumors. Some said that we were to join a secret expedition against some Southern stronghold; others that the department of the Gulf was our destination. Still others were certain that we were to go to swell the ranks of the Army of the Potomac. On the 18th of October we struck our tents and started for the National Capital. For two or three days, the camp had been thronged with visitors who had come to bid the soldier boys goodbye. There were fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweet-hearts, and many a pathetic scene was enacted in and around the encampment. But the boys braced up and when orders came to "fall in," it was promptly done, and the regiment moved out with drums beating, colors flying, and many of the men singing "John Brown." Our mode of conveyance was by rail to Boston and Fall River, thence by sound steamer to Jersey City. Arriving in Philadelphia, the regiment was provided with a hot dinner, and received words of good cheer from the patriotic men and women who served it. The patriotism of Philadelphia was unbounded all through the war, and no Eastern regiment could pass through the city without par-

taking of its bounties. The next place of note after leaving Philadelphia, was Baltimore, a hotbed of secession when the war broke out and long after. But the rebellious spirit was held in check by the constant presence of troops, and no hostile demonstration was made after the first few months of the war. The steam cars did not then as now, pass through the city, but the cars were drawn through by horses from station to station situated at the two extremes of the city. There were knots of people along the street through which we marched, and there were angry and vicious looks, showing that the rebel spirit was still there, but we kept closed ranks and had no fears of being molested. We reached Washington in the early twilight Monday, and remained at the station of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a long time, before we were instructed where to pitch our tents. It was with great difficulty that any one could be found who could give us information, and no one seemed to know what was to be done with us. We finally marched a short distance from the railroad, in the suburbs of the city and were shown barracks on low damp ground which was covered with the dirt and litter of other regiments. We got very little sleep that night and the next morning were much jaded out. During the day we received orders to go into camp on Capitol hill, and drew our tents which we pitched in a very windy place, but where we had a fine

view of the city and surrounding country. The weather was cold, the wind high, and the air for much of the time, filled with clouds of dust. We were on an old camping-ground, and there was but little turf left and altogether, it was far from a pleasant encampment.

My first impressions of Washington were somewhat disappointing. It was larger than I supposed, and it was not as thickly settled. Nothing seemed to be finished. The Capital building was only little more than half completed, the Washington monument was up only a few feet above the nearest building, while the streets were filled with mud and filth. The war had been going on a year and a half and the National Capital was a great military camp. It was environed by forts, and there were soldiers everywhere. At the hotels, at the theatres, and on the streets, almost everyone was dressed in government blue, and every day one would meet army and navy officers of every grade. The uniforms of some were new and shiny, while others were old and faded, showing long service in the field.

We left Washington for Seneca Saturday not far from noon. It was raining hard, and the march that day was a very disagreeable one. The clayey soil was heavy and sticky, and we were soon drenched with water. We passed Great Falls and reached a place called Muddy Branch where we were to camp for the night. By this time we had

scarcely a dry thread in our clothing, our tents were wet, the wood with which we tried to kindle our fire was wet, the ground where we put up our tents was soaked with water, and altogether, we had a very sorry time for men not inured to the hardships of camp life. But there was not much complaining and the boys were generally disposed to make the best of it. We were tired with our sixteen mile march and turned in quite early. I had a very good night's rest and sleep.

The twenty-sixth we moved up to Offuts' Cross Roads, a few miles from Muddy Branch, and soon after to Seneca where we were brigaded with the 39th Massachusetts, 14th New Hampshire and 10th Vermont, and called our camp "Grover" in honor of our brigade commander, Col. Cuvier Grover of the regular army, and Brigadier General of Volunteers. Colonel Grover was the youngest son of Dr. John Grover of Bethel and I was somewhat acquainted with him in *ante bellum* days. He was an accomplished officer, but he did not long remain with us, being wanted where the duties were more active and responsible. After he left us, Col. Davis of the 39th Massachusetts assumed command of the brigade, though it was subsequently ascertained that he was not the ranking officer, and Colonel Virgin assumed command. On account of the mud march from Washington to Muddy Branch, the severe drenching which the men had, and it clearing off cold, several were taken sick and the sur-

geons were kept quite busy. The surgeon and his assistant did not get along well together, which fact greatly impaired the efficiency of the medical staff. Dr. Sweat was a skillful physician, but was frequently ill-tempered. Dr. Ricker was a temperance man, very quiet, fairly skillful, but he could not stand the abuse of his superior and after a time resigned. Dr. Sweat was unpopular with the men at large, and having been engaged in regular practice before entering the service, besides having been previously acquainted with many of the men, I was often called upon to prescribe for and treat cases in quarters. I was under no obligation to do this, but I could not well refuse, and for several weeks, much of my time was employed in treating men in their quarters. This was not pleasing to Dr. Sweat, but I was sustained in this work by so many of the line officers and by Colonel Virgin, that we had no open rupture. My extra work was entirely gratuitous, and with my other duties, kept me constantly employed. I kept no record of cases, but from recollection and from applications I have had for certificates in pension cases, I think I must have treated more than a hundred persons.

As before stated, Seneca is situated about twenty miles above Washington, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The land here is quite high, so that a fine view is had of the Virginia side. At this time, the Potomac was the northern limit of the insurgent states, and we had no troops on the

Virginia side in our vicinity. Our regiment was somewhat broken up, several companies being detached to guard the fords at different points. Our special duty was to guard against raids by rebel cavalry commanded by such partisans as Mosby and White. The latter was from Maryland, and from the same county in which we were encamped. The strictest vigilance was enjoined upon us, and yet during the several months that we were in this service, we never saw an armed rebel soldier. What might have been, had we not been there, we have no means of knowing. There was a large stockade fort about a mile above our camp at Seneca, from which the view along the river was grand. But the horrors of war were noticeable everywhere, in ruined homesteads, mutilated forests and general desolation.

The boys built winter quarters here, using rifted chestnut planks for walls and covering the roofs with their shelter tents. Fireplaces were built of red earth which is composed of clay and lime, and when dried by the fire, becomes hard like brick. They topped them out with pieces of split chestnut laid cob-house fashion, and plastered outside and in with the same red earth. It was quite marvellous how quickly the men learned to adapt themselves to the service and make themselves comfortable under such varying circumstances. It does not take the Yankees from the farms and workshops, a great while to become good soldiers.

While here, Joel Perham made us a visit and spent two days with us.

About this time, I received a letter from Hon. T. A. D. Fessenden stating that a petition had been filed in the post office department at Washington, asking for my removal as postmaster at Bryant's Pond, and saying that the petition stated that I "had gone away and left the office in charge of an incompetent person." He closed by asking me what action he should take in the matter. I immediately laid the case before Judge Virgin, who advised me to go to Washington at once and attend to it, at the same time giving me leave of absence for ten days. An ambulance from the regiment was going to Washington in which I took passage. On arriving, I sought an interview with the appointing power who advised me to remove that irresponsible person, and appoint one that would be responsible. I had already informed him that the person petitioned for was the one I had placed in charge of the office. The post office official said it was a rule of the office that no one should suffer by reason of having enlisted. My business thus speedily and happily accomplished, I had a few days in which to see the sights at the Capitol. Congress was in session and from the galleries, I had an opportunity of seeing some of the distinguished men of the country. In the Senate, I saw Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Wade, Henry Wilson, William Pitt Fessenden and other leading members

of that branch, and in the House, Bingham, Thad Stevens, Henry Winter Davis, Vorhees, and others. I visited the theater where I heard Forrest, Davenport, the two Booths, Laura Keene, and many other leading actors and actresses. I made calls on Senators Fessenden and Morrill, and on Representatives Fessenden and Frye. The time passed swiftly and pleasantly, and my leave of absence being nearly up, I returned to the regiment, on a canal boat.

While we were stationed at Offut's Cross Roads, I visited the headquarters of the brigade, where I had a pleasant interview with General Grover. He told me he expected soon to be ordered away. He soon afterward inspected our regiment, and I never saw him again. He served throughout the war, then did good service in the West at the head of a cavalry regiment of which he was appointed colonel, and died some years ago. He was a brave and true man, and an honor to his town, state and country. He left us to join Banks' Red River expedition about the middle of November.

About this time, it had become quite evident that there would be a vacancy in the medical staff by the resignation of Dr. Ricker and I was offered the place, and even urged to take it. Governor Washburn had previously offered me such a position, but I did not feel that there would be perfect accord between Dr. Sweat and myself, and besides, I had decided to serve as a combatant.

Thursday, Dec. 25, I went down to Offut's Cross Roads to see the sick we left behind when we came to this place. I found the living doing well, but three had died. I also visited a family by the name of Connell with whom I had become acquainted. They were nice people and had been very friendly and helpful to the sick soldiers. Our former camp was very near their house. On my return, I visited a family by the name of Higgins, professionally. He was a coarse, ignorant man, and probably a rebel at heart. I took dinner with him, the principal dishes being boiled bacon and cabbage.

I made a little visit to Darnestown to get a few things for our company mess. It is seven miles from camp and General Banks at one time had his headquarters there. There were three stores, a church, and some thirty dwelling houses, mostly in a dilapidated condition. In the store I went into, there was a crowd of rough looking fellows, some of them gambling, some smoking and some drinking. The stock in trade seemed to be largely composed of liquors. One man came in and bought five bottles of whiskey and two pounds of sugar. On the way, I stopped at a plantation owned and occupied by John B. Dufieff, a Frenchman. He had a fine plantation of a thousand acres and his crop of wheat was two thousand bushels. Sickness seemed to increase, and I was kept quite busy treating men in their quarters.

There were some fine singers in the Lewiston company, and often in pleasant weather they would

get together for a concert. They could sing a great variety of songs including the latest war songs. These concerts were very enjoyable.

Sometimes when I strayed from the camp, I found wild pear trees with fruitage. Though not equal to best home varieties, they were a great treat. I also gathered persimmons which were new to me. The skin is astringent and bitter but after the frosts, the pulp is mildly acid and very nice. The wood one meets with here is oak, hickory, sycamore, chestnut and red cedar. There is also pine. Oak, hickory and chestnut make excellent fuel, but sycamore is almost incombustible. When green, it is absolutely so, and when dried, it is not much better.

Ours was a pleasant camping ground at Offut's Cross Roads and well sheltered. At the north was a dense growth of pines, and south and east a fine forest of white oak. Westward was a large field, smooth and dry and very convenient for drill and parade.

About the first of November, we heard cannonading all day in the direction of Leesburg. It was very exciting. We afterward learned that it was a cavalry engagement at Aldie in which the First Maine Cavalry was engaged and in which its Col. Doughty was killed. This was the first hostile firing we had heard and it seemed not far away, though it actually was quite a long distance off.

The location of camping grounds and dates of events have heretofore been a little confused in

these Recollections, for after thirty years have elapsed, the exact order of events is not readily recalled. On one occasion I made a trip from camp to Washington in a canal boat and took special notice of places along the route. The captain of the boat was a rough old Pennsylvanian who had his wife along to do the cooking. He had two pairs of mules to pull the boat, two working at a time, and the other pair when off duty had quarters on the deck of the boat. These boats on their downward trip were generally loaded with coal or lumber, and on the return, with groceries, cured fish and other family supplies. Its rate of speed was from two to three miles an hour, including the delay at the locks. This trip was made in March, and immense flocks of birds crossed, at short intervals, from the Virginia side and passed northward on their way to New England. Noticeable on the Maryland side was a large farm and house which the captain informed me was occupied by the family of a Mr. White who was a relative of the guerilla leader. There was a mixture of rebel and Union people along the Maryland side and they had a hard time in this debatable land. They were robbed by both armies and obliged frequently to repeat "Good Lord and Good Devil." Many of the sons of the rebel families were in Lee's army, and oftentimes the head of the family would serve with White's guerillas. It was known that they occasionally visited their homes, arriving after dark and leaving

before day. Like other sections of the South, the farmsteads in Maryland are large and the houses situated far apart. Looking across to the Virginia side, the vistas were scenes of extreme desolation. There was no sign of life, and occasional stacks of chimneys where farm-houses had been burned were graphic monuments of devastating war. After a time we came to the Seneca quarries. The rocky formation is a high bluff of dark red sandstone, deposited in layers and very easy to work.

The material for the Smithsonian Institute building at Washington was taken from this quarry. Half a mile along are Seneca mills situated on a creek of the same name. Vast quantities of wheat are here changed into flour, no small part of which comes from the upper Potomac by this canal. These mills, since the war began had furnished flour for both Union and rebel soldiers, and very likely did so again before the contest was over. Seneca lock is the next thing to attract our attention. It was in this lock that private True of our regiment found a watery grave. His body was found in the lock, his hands clutching his musket as though his last thoughts were fixed upon his soldier duties. A "hotel" is hard by here, if a place where liquors and poor food is dispensed and cleanliness is dispensed with, is entitled to such a name. In the background was the encampment of Captain Lamb's Company G of our regiment, occupying the same ground where a company of

the 10th Vermont spent the summer. South of the camp, on a little rise, the white headboards of the dead Vermonters could be seen. They lost a large number of men here, and it is a low, sunken, malarious place. It was an important place and needed to be strictly guarded though at great sacrifice of precious lives.

Laurel Hill is next passed, so called because it is covered by a thick growth of laurel. The laurel here is an evergreen shrub growing among the chestnuts and locusts. It is about six feet high, covered with ovate leaves about the size of those of the black alder. The leaves are thick and firm, and contain so little moisture that the frost does not injure them. They are very beautiful in their light green, shining foliage. The water in the Potomac which has moved quietly along for a number of miles, here rushes over rocks and through gorges, its surface covered with foam and its roar heard for a long distance. Now we come to Muddy Branch where we camped the first night up from Washington, and which recalls nothing pleasant. We were here some days, and were very glad to get away. Company B of our regiment was here at the time of this trip, doing guard duty in this vicinity. They had been here a long time and were heartily sick of the place and its surroundings. I have not spoken here of Offut's Cross Roads, our second camping place, because it was situated back from the river and could not be seen from the canal.

Passing downward, we soon reach Great Falls on the Potomac. Here the government had expended millions of dollars in constructing works to furnish a supply of water to the District of Columbia. As this was their only dependence during the war, it was necessary to have it strictly guarded. While the boat was passing through the several locks, I stepped ashore and was shown through the works. Passing the falls, we were soon at Chain Bridge and then at Georgetown, the southern terminus of the canal. The old boatman had his little son along with him to whom I gave a doughnut from my haversack. The little fellow did not know what it was and carried it to his father for information, which he failed to get. The old man declared that he had never before seen anything like it. The boy ate it after his curiosity was satisfied and, like Oliver Twist, wanted and asked for "more."

About this time deaths were frequent in our regiment. There was a funeral almost every day, and frequently two in one day. The measles had been prevailing in the regiment for some time, and the deaths generally resulted from the disease. It first broke out in Company C. I was called to see a sick man and pronounced it measles, at which Doctor Sweat called me a blank fool, but he soon had to own up that I was right. Aurestus Perham had the measles and was the special charge of myself and Chaplain Snow. He got along very well and did not have a relapse. The relapse was

what proved fatal in many cases. I was sent to Washington with some sick men including Hiram P. Knight of Paris who was to be discharged. He was too frail for a soldier and never should have entered the service. Claude Twitchell was sick and I went to see him before going to Washington. He was in the 14th New Hampshire, and died.

While in Washington I attended a court martial where I first saw General McClellan. I was quite disappointed in his personal appearance. I made up my mind then and there that he could not be a very great man. At the same time, I saw Generals Hunter, Hitchcock, Heintzelman and some others. In the Senate, I heard Senator Morrill of Maine reply to Powell of Kentucky in a most scathing speech. It was the gay season in Washington, and notwithstanding the impending crisis and the discouraging state of affairs, balls and parties were the order of the day and night. The city was full of officers and all the theatres and other places of amusement were packed nightly.

December 14th I galloped across the country to Rockville, the shire town of Montgomery county, to get Baltimore papers. The place was dirty, the streets muddy and filthy, and I saw but few people save negroes.

Saturday morning, December 20th, we received orders to leave Camp Grover and move to Seneca though we did not understand we were to make a long stay there. We broke camp at eight o'clock

in the morning, and reached our place of destination before night. We left nearly a hundred and fifty sick at the old camp. Tuesday night I was officer of the picket, and as the place was new to me, the duties were quite difficult. I stationed pickets at five different points, and visited each post several times during the night. Three refugees came into our lines from over the Potomac Tuesday afternoon and were detained. They were ragged and filthy, but bold and defiant in speech.

Friday, December 26th, Colonel Virgin had orders to leave Seneca and march to Edward's Ferry, about ten miles farther up the river, and establish headquarters of the regiment there. Our company and several others were to go. We had been at Seneca only three days. We marched along the tow path of the canal. The day was warm and with my blanket and overcoat strapped upon my back and haversack on my shoulder, I found the march quite tedious. But the travelling was excellent, the ground being hard and dry. While we were on the route, at one point, a large number of colored people, probably nearly a hundred came near the river and gave us a characteristic serenade. They sang numerous negro melodies, scores of both sexes joining in the chorus, and finally began to dance to the music of several of our fifes. We stopped and witnessed the performance for nearly half an hour. It was Christmas time and a holiday, and these people were out on

a lark. We reached the ferry about two o'clock in the afternoon, but our tents and camp equipage which came by canal boat did not come up until far into the night. We borrowed a few tents from the men of the 39th Massachusetts Regiment which had been here some time, and managed to get along quite well. This Edward's Ferry and places near by, Conrad's Ferry, Ball's Bluff and Poolesville, were quite familiar to me though I had not been there before. Ball's Bluff was the scene of Union defeat and the tragic death of the talented and gallant Colonel Baker.

The officers of our company burrowed under a stack of wheat the first night at Edward's Ferry, and though annoyed somewhat by mice, we slept quite well. We crawled out early Saturday morning, and after having our coffee we were ready for pitching our tents. Edward's Ferry was not much of a place any way. There was one store kept by a man named Viers, and a few old houses. There was neither ferryboat nor ferryman, and there was no call for any, for all crossing the river was prohibited. We laid out our camp about half a mile from the ferry, on the Poolesville road. It was high and dry and afforded a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country and across into Dixie. Goose Creek empties into the river on the Virginia side just below the ferry, and extends back into the country nearly at right angles with the river. On the north side of this creek mounted rebel scouts

were said to have been seen from our encampment, supposed to be some of White's men. I saw none. Most of the people about here were known to be secessionists, though they, too, had learned to say "Good Lord and Good Devil," equal to those we left down the river. Many of the families here furnished men for White's marauders, and were in almost constant communication with the guerilla chief. White's father lived within a short distance of our encampment, and rockets were sometimes sent up from his house in the night, doubtless as signals to his son on the other side of the river. Colonel Virgin received intelligence to-day (Sunday, Dec. 28) that a regiment of rebel infantry had been seen on the other side toward Leesburg, and was directed to be on his guard. Colonel Virgin was now in command of the brigade, and Lieutenant Colonel Luce, of the regiment. All day Sunday the men were at work building quarters in the old way; walls of chestnut, the interstices filled with mud, the chimneys of mud and the roof of canvas.

A long tarry was looked for here. A good start was made Sunday, and Monday night the camp presented a very respectable appearance. We were situated in a very fine agricultural region but the farms had been sadly neglected during the war. Wheat is the staple product, and it was stacked in the fields where it was cut, or near by, and threshed there. The man who owned the large field where

our camp was situated was a notorious secessionist, and when his stacks of grain were burned, nobody seemed to care. Such flocks of crows I never saw anywhere, as I saw there. Millions and millions passing and repassing sometimes obscuring the light of the sun. We had ample room for drill here, and improved it every fair day. Our regiment had become very proficient in the manual of arms and in ordinary field movements. Colonel Luce was indefatigable, and kept the men at it, though he was always genial in his intercourse with officers and men. He believed it conduced to the health of the men to take a reasonable amount of exercise in drilling, and in this he was doubtless right. Besides it was the duty of officers and men to try and render themselves proficient in everything pertaining to the obligations of a soldier. The line officers drilled in the manual of arms, so that in a short time they could handle the musket equally well with the privates and non-commissioned officers. So the time passed on. We had a field hospital in tents, but we appropriated a part of a house belonging to a widow named Fisher, situated near our camp. Here we carried our worst cases of measles.

Quartermaster Bray met with a singular incident when on his way to Poolseville, Monday, January 13th. When two miles above our camp, his attention was called to a noise by the side of the road. On examination, he found a nude negro baby lying

in the grass, all alone. He took it up and carried it to a house near by, and after some talk with a wench, thirteen years of age, she owned that it was hers, and took it in charge. The incident caused no little merriment in camp, and Bray did not hear the last of it for a good while.

About this time Chaplain Snow went to Maine on leave of absence. He was the bearer of many messages of love to friends at home from friends in camp. January 16th I was officer of the picket and was away from camp three days and a half. I had with me four sergeants, six corporals and one hundred privates. These were divided into ten squads and were detached to guard as many fords on the Potomac. The reserve, consisting of twenty men, was stationed three miles down river from camp, at a point opposite Young's Island. This is one of the easiest fords on the river. When we left camp, a rain was falling, and it was quite warm, but in the afternoon it cleared off, and the wind blew fearfully for two entire days and nights. It was also very cold, so that in the morning our blankets were frozen to the ground. One day while here, I crossed the ford, the water at no point being more than two feet deep, and visited a plantation on the opposite side which was deserted by all save blacks. They were very shy at first, but soon became familiar, and got me up a hot dinner of hoe cake and bacon. The recent owner was in White's Company, and the negroes said there was considerable coming to and

going from the place at night. I was relieved on the fourth day and returned to camp much jaded out.

In addition to drill, we had frequent recitations from the tactics. Col. Luce acted as instructor and most of the line officers were generally present and questioned.

While on picket one day, I took dinner at the house of Mrs. Metcalf, who was a thorough going Unionist. She was born near Pennsylvania line, and her associations in early life were with people of northern ideas. She told me that before the battle of Antietam, her uncle was in the advance of McClellan's army, and as the rebels passed through Antietam her uncle's wife, who resided there, raised the Union flag in her doorway, but a rebel sharp-shooter immediately shot it from her hands. She raised it a second time when her husband, whom she had not seen for months and whom she was little expecting to see, came along, and there commenced the dreadful battle of Antietam, which he helped to fight in his own door-yard and in presence of his wife and children. The wife carried the flag from the door to an upper window and from there to the house-top. Her uncle fought bravely and well he might, in defense of his loved ones and in their presence.

Toward the last of January I again visited Washington in connection with the sick of the regiment, and returned Monday, the 27th. I visited Lincoln

and Emery Hospitals, and saw several old friends. I was solicited before leaving camp to aid a soldier named Mitchell, who had long been in the hospital at Washington, in getting his discharge. I got the papers ready and went to the hospital, but found that he had been dead three days. Poor fellow! His desire to die at home, surrounded by friends and relatives, could not be gratified.

When I returned to camp on the 27th I found that Col. Virgin had gone to Baltimore to meet his wife, who had come on with Chaplain Snow. I also found that Lysander P. Foster of our company had died. Routine duties were again resumed, company and battalion drill, recitations, picket duty, and care of the sick. Col. Virgin and wife arrived in camp the last of the month. He engaged board at a private house situated a mile or so from camp.

The boys enjoyed themselves in various ways when off duty. Card-playing was almost universal and was encouraged by the officers. It furnished occupation for the mind, and rendered the men less discontented. Sometimes as I sat in my tent in the evening a medley of sounds would reach me that was really amusing. All the quarters had canvas roofs, so that what was said within unless in a low voice, could be heard some distance away. From one direction would come the sound of revelry and mirth. From another the plaintive notes of the flute. In one tent, some one was giving

off commands in a loud voice, such as "Parade rest," "Guides posts," "Forward march," and would go through the entire manual of arms. From another tent comes the exclamation, "We've euchered you three times," and from a Company A tent I heard a roll call and could easily distinguish the names of "Bagnall," "Hewey," "Ladd," "Love," &c. From another tent came notes of music and I heard the words "Meet me by moonlight alone," sung by a quartette of very fine singers. Then they sung:

"Then take me to my mountain home,
My mountain home so wild and free;
And never more I'll wish to roam,
From the cot so dear to me."

This was followed by "John Brown," "Marching Along," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "When this cruel war is over." Then the shrill bugle strikes up, calling the sergeants to their evening recitations. These varied sounds would be heard until nine o'clock when the lights were put out and quiet reigned throughout the encampment. We had a fine set of men in our regiment, but many of them were mirthful and full of frolic, and fond of practical jokes.

February 18th was a snowy day. At four o'clock the sergeant major put his head into our tent and announced that the companies would appear on dress parade at the call of the bugle without arms. We did not quite understand what it meant, but the companies came out and the line was formed. Then

the colonel came out and facing the line said: "If any wished to engage in snow-balling, they could go in." And they all went in and had a hilarious time. Four hundred persons engaged in the sport and a large amount of snow changed hands in a very short time.

Word was received at the headquarters of the brigade that a force of rebels consisting of infantry and cavalry had occupied Leesburg, a small village in Loudon county, about four miles from the ferry on the Virginia side. The news created some little excitement, but soon died out. Whether the report was true or not, I never knew. The snowfall in the late storm, amounted to a foot, and the traveling became horrible. The weather was very disagreeable for nearly a week, so much so that there could be no drill. The rise of water in the Potomac made the fords impassable and enabled us somewhat to relax our vigilance.

Though I had been commissioned as First Lieutenant for some months and had worn the straps of that rank, I had not been mustered as such. So on March 4th, I took some of our sick on board of a canal boat and started for Washington. We went the first day to a point a little below Great Falls, and laid by for the night. The forenoon of the fifth we reached Georgetown and Washington. I transferred my sick to the hospital and the next day, I called on Captain De Russey of the regular army who was mustering officer. He objected to

my papers after a slight examination of them, and said I must have others. I sent to the regiment to have new ones made out and waited day after day for nearly two weeks, but no papers came. I called again on Captain De Russey who again examined my papers and pronounced them correct. I did not tell him they were the same papers he had condemned before. This was the way business was done in some of the departments during the entire war. Officers were kept from their commands for days and days on account of some alleged technicality and then it would appear, as in my case, that there was not even a technicality in the way. While waiting in Washington, I visited Fairfax Seminary Hospital and Alexandria. I visited the house where the gallant Ellsworth was shot and other points of interest. Alexandria was a rusty old town and but little business seemed to be doing except that growing out of the war. I also visited the 25th Maine Regiment on Arlington Heights and found the camp in a very pleasant situation. They were quartered in huts covered in with boards and appeared to be very comfortable. The fortifications at this place appeared to me to be very strong, and all the forts bristled with heavy guns. I had a pleasant call on the medical staff, Doctors Carr, True and Bowker. Doctor True is the only one that survives at this writing. That evening, I spent with Major David P. Stowell who was feeling very sore over his supersedure, and also with

Captain John Quincy Adams of the 10th Maine who was wounded at Cedar Mountain and had not then recovered.

On the night of the 9th, rebel cavalry made a raid upon Fairfax court house and carried off a Union brigadier and his staff. They were all caught sleeping. The conscription act was passed while I was at Washington and afforded great pleasure to the loyal element in Washington. It indicated that the rebellion was to be put down at whatever cost. While in Washington this time, I went to the theatre frequently. It was a great pleasure to witness Davenport's Richard the Third. I did not succeed in getting mustered until March 28th, when I was mustered in by Capt. De Russey as before stated. March 30th I started for the camp at Edward's Ferry which I reached in due time. April 5th we had quite a heavy fall of snow. We had previously had birds and flowers, and the nightly croaking of frogs, but the landscape now wore a decided winter aspect. The snow was accompanied by a heavy gale, and picket duty was very uncomfortable. I was officer of the picket during this storm and was out in most of it. While I was absent in Washington, our camp was moved to the top of a hill about two-thirds of a mile from the old encampment. The removal was a great improvement as it took us to a dry and clean field where the grass had made a good start and everything pleasant and nice. Headquarters of the

picket were established at the Ferry, and the officer's quarters in the warehouse. The snow went off as suddenly as it came, and was followed by delightful sunny weather. One day I went out quail-hunting, in company with Mr. Viers, the trader at the Ferry. He was an expert at shooting them on the wing while I was not, and the result was that he filled his bag while I saw game in plenty but bagged none. I found him a man of some culture and a very pleasant companion.

It was rumored at this time that we were soon to move to Poolesville and that the detached companies would rejoin us. The spring had now fully come, and the season for activity in the confronting armies. Changes in the position of troops were of daily occurrence. We located our camp near the little village of Poolesville, but had not got fairly settled before we had orders to break camp and march down the river. I had been appointed on a general court martial, and the court had just convened when word came that we must be ready to march at three o'clock in the afternoon. We adjourned our court at one o'clock, ate our dinners and then packed up. We started as usual in a drenching rain and marching to Edward's Ferry, camped there over night in our wet clothes. The rain poured down all night and was pouring down when we left in the morning. We marched to Great Falls and again turned in wet and cold and without fire. The next morning we started early

and reached Chain Bridge in the forenoon. We crossed over and for the first time went into camp on Virginia soil. Our encampment was just over the bridge. A New York regiment was in camp here, commanded by Col. De Russey who held the rank of major in the regular army. He was a brother of Captain De Russey who annoyed me so about mustering me, and they were the sons of an officer in the old United States army. He praised our regimental drill, and complimented us highly on our exercises in the manual of arms. He was a fine officer and a gentleman, and was soon after made a brigadier. May 13th we were still in camp near Chain Bridge. We were situated about six miles above Washington and in the defenses of the city. The weather came on very warm, the mercury indicating 90° in the shade. We found the spring weather here very capricious. There were very sudden changes, not at all conducive to health. In the early part of the night, an orderly from General Heintzleman's headquarters brought the report that Stewart's rebel cavalry had crossed the Rappahannock and was near our outposts. A regiment of infantry was sent up to us and cannon were placed on Chain Bridge and on Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown. The next day we heard of this cavalry between us and Bull Run mountain. Lieutenant Bolster came up from Washington where he had spent the night and was glad to find us all safe. He had heard that we had been attacked and

the 23d badly cut to pieces. It was found again that Col. Virgin was the ranking officer and so he took command of the brigade which Col. De Russey relinquished very gracefully. On the 14th, about 5 o'clock, I started out with Major Soule to visit our outposts. We were on horseback. We went up the Leesburg pike about three miles and then struck off towards Arlington Heights to the Arlington road, then faced about and returned to camp, distant three miles. We passed many noble mansions but negroes and women were the only occupants. Fathers and sons were in the rebel army. Our advance picket line was about three miles from camp and four miles in length. The detail was about one hundred privates beside officers. The exigencies of the case here demanded the strictest attention to duty, and the cheerfulness and alacrity with which our men performed their work was highly commendable. Our camp was situated upon a side hill where many troops had encamped since the war began. The Sixth Maine was here a year before. I was out in charge of the picket the 15th and 16th.

Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville caused great despondency in our camp for he had been the favorite and a brilliant record was anticipated for him.

The woods looked very pretty at this time. The box-wood was in bloom and flowers of various shades and hues were very plentiful. I obtained

some Virginia snake-root and some blood-root, both of which have beautiful blossoms. Flowers spring up in the pathway of armies, and it is wonderful how soon nature asserts herself and hastens to reclothe the spots made bare by violence and strife.

We were still at Chain Bridge on the 17th. Chaplain Snow was with us. Because he declined to receipt for wood which he did not have, Quartermaster Bray refused him rations. While at Chain Bridge he boarded in our mess. Captain Bolster was quite sick for several days while we were here and the command of the company devolved upon me. Calvin Richardson was taken sick here and was quite feeble for some time. He had been a good soldier and had always done his duty without complaint or fuss. We were paid off here and I went to Washington to forward the money sent home by the men amounting to $3900. I returned to camp the same night. The fruit trees were now in bloom, and wheat where it was suffered to grow, had a good start. At this time, our regiment as a whole was healthy and in splendid condition for duty.

Soon afterward, not far from May 24th, we had orders to March to Alexandria. A raid into that old town was feared. We went into camp near the city and commenced to dig rifle pits which were extended in double lines all about the place. The streets were also closed by means of palisades and

every precaution taken to prevent an attack or to repel it, if it should be made. The men worked very hard here, and they did it without complaint. But time passed and no raid was made or attempted. In all probability the prompt action taken by the authorities prevented it.

On the sixteenth of June, we received orders to march up the Potomac again, though our precise destination was unknown to us. Gen. Lee was marching toward Harper's Ferry, while the army of the Potomac was advancing to head him off. An invasion of the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland was now fully expected. We were to leave our camp equipage behind and move in light marching order. Our term of enlistment was so nearly out that it seemed very strange that we should be sent away so far. But it was not yet out, and there was nothing for us to do but to obey orders. We marched to the vicinity of Poolesville where we remained a day or two. On the march, we camped one night near the edge of a wood.

We had no tents and were obliged to get along with our rubber ponchos. There was a severe shower in the night and I awoke half covered with water. I stood my back against a tree and remained standing the rest of the night. Many others were as badly off. In the morning we resumed our march and after the sun came up and our clothes became dry, we felt not the least discomfort from the night's exposure. We were

becoming hardened and inured to the exposures of a soldier's life. While the regiment was halted near Poolesville, Company F was detached to guard the signal station on Sugar Loaf, a conical hill situated between Poolesville and Frederic. We at once repaired to the place, but were destined to be there only a short time. While there we had a fine prospect of the country round about. We could see Frederic very plainly, and by the aid of a field glass saw a rebel cavalry raid, probably some of White's men, into the town. The regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, and our company was ordered to join the regiment as it passed along. The entire brigade was in the column and reached a point opposite Harper's Ferry on the 26th of June. We went into camp on Maryland Heights and formed part of the garrison of this place. Gen. Hooker proposed to evacuate the place and join the troops here to the army of the Potomac, which was now advancing through Maryland on its way to Gettysburg. The war department declined to accede, and so General Hooker resigned. I saw him for a few moments at the headquarters of General French, the commander of the garrison. On Maryland Heights we found the half buried dead of the troops that fell there a year before. The soil was thin and sterile, and in many places, skulls and feet were exposed above the surface. From this point too we could see the advance of Lee's army crossing the Poto-

mac a few miles above. Everything indicated a fearful battle, and although our term of enlistment had nearly expired, we fully expected to have a part in it. What the feelings of the men upon the subject were, it was not easy to determine. They said but little about it. If any effort had been made to keep them in the service until after the crisis had passed, I fully believe they would have remained. Colonel Virgin put in no remonstrance, and did not notify the commanding general that our time was so nearly up. But there were those in Washington who were keeping our time, and on the twenty-seventh of June orders from the war department were issued to the commanding General at Harper's Ferry, directing him to furnish transportation for our regiment to Baltimore.

While here, I crossed over to the Virginia side, visited the arsenal where John Brown made his last stand, and other places of interest. So on the twenty-seventh of June, the regiment took the cars at Sandy Hook and started homeward. In the evening, we passed the camps or tents of the advance of the army of the Potomac. They covered an immense area, and the glimmer of their lights in thousands of shelter tents, was a beautiful sight. At Baltimore we remained a day waiting for transportation which being furnished, we passed on to Philadelphia. Here we were again feasted and earnestly solicited to remain a few days to aid in guarding the city from a much feared raid by

rebel cavalry. But the men had now turned their faces homeward and could not be persuaded to remain. They had fulfilled their obligation, and most of them intended to re-enlist and did re-enlist, but before doing so they desired to visit their homes and families. Some of the officers would have remained but the enlisted men were evidently unanimous or nearly so in their determination to go home. No vote was taken, but the indications were unmistakable. The regiment again took the cars and had an uneventful trip to Portland and the old camp, where on the fifteenth of June, it was mustered out of the service of the United States by Lieut. Crossman of the Regular Army. The Twenty-third Maine Regiment had had no fighting, but it had had a great deal of disagreeable picket duty and no small amount of marching. The loss by death from sickness was much larger than the average of Maine regiments, and for the time, equal to many which had been in active service with the enemy. Those who blamed the regiment for leaving the field when the battle of Gettysburg was impending, were generally persons who did not enter the service at all, and in all fairness, were debarred from expressing any opinion upon the subject. A large number of the men re-enlisted and served to the end of the war. Many helped to make up the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Maine Regiments; others went out as recruits into the Twelfth Maine and other regiments, while quite a

number went into the new battery of light artillery known as the Seventh Maine.

As I make this record nearly thirty years after the events occurred and have but little data from which to draw, it can only be fragmentary, and perhaps may be open to the charge of egotism. But I started out to write my personal recollections of the war for the benefit and amusement of my family, and for this reason, I have confined myself to facts and incidents in which I had a part or which were known to me.

Many of the officers and men who served in this regiment are now dead; how many, I do not know. The living are widely scattered, but they were good and true men, and have generally made respectable citizens. Most of them are on the down grade of life and the period of their final muster out cannot be very far distant. Colonel Virgin has been honored by several appointments to the supreme bench; Colonel Luce has won honors in the Old Bay State; Major Soule has long been dead; Adjutant Hall became insane and died; Stanley, captain of Company K died at the insane hospital; Cleaves of Company B has been attorney general of the State and elected Governor; Lieutenant Bolster is called judge in Boston; Captain Bradford of Company D has gone to join the majority: Captain Whitman joined the regular cavalry and invented a saddle tree which made his fortune; Captain Prince of Company C has been

in Congress from the South and postmaster at Augusta, Ga., while many others, both officers and men, have held various positions of honor and trust which they have faithfully filled. Sutler Jackson is a farmer in Norway, and Quartermaster Bray is seeking his fortune in Texas. His two sergeants are both dead; Crocker became insane, and Philip Bray died of disease a few years after the war.

Chaplain Snow, then of Norway, has since had a settlement in Auburn, and was for a time principal of Westbrook Seminary. He is now settled over a society in Haverhill, Mass.

My friend, Israel Emmons, the company cook, and one of the best, still flourishes at West Paris, having tired of city (Greenwood) life, and sought a more quiet retreat.

A few words concerning the personnel of Company F must close this part of my story.

Captain Horace N. Bolster is a native of Paris and still resides there. He belongs to a family of military men and was an efficient officer. After the return of the 23rd, he was captain of the 16th unassigned company, was the mustered captain of Company K, 12th Maine March 21, 1865, and resigned August 16, 1865.

He has since the war, been engaged in trade at South Paris and has been prominently connected with soldier's organizations.

I have not seen Lieutenant Abbot since the war. He was a blacksmith and a native of Rumford.

He was a fine looking officer, but he had some failings and was his own greatest enemy. Lieutenant Solomon C. Bolster settled in Roxbury. He was a lawyer by profession and long served as judge of the municipal court. He has been successful, as he has deserved to be. He is a man of integrity, and has won the respect and esteem of a wide circle of acquaintances. Even when he felt a little hard toward me for usurping his place, I liked and respected him all the same, recognizing the fact that he had cause.

Orderly Sergeant Barrows now lives at Bethel Hill. He has prospered in business and is at the head of the largest manufactory in that town.

Sergeant Ellery F. Goss lives in Auburn and does an extensive business in Lewiston. He was a sergeant in Captain Bolster's 12th Maine Company. He has been a member of the Maine Legislature.

Sergeant Aurestus S. Perham resides in Washington. He has long been a trusted officer connected with the pension department.

Sergeant Joseph P. Packard was discharged for disability, but recovered, and died of some acute disease, several years ago.

Sergeant Olcutt B. Poor resides in his native town of Andover, and is an intelligent and thrifty farmer. Of Sergeant Tucker, I know nothing since the war.

Of the other non-commissioned officers, Gilbert E. Shaw, Hazen M. Abbot, Hiram H. Jackson and

perhaps some others are dead, and of the whereabouts of some of the living, I know not. John F. Libby resides in Carthage, Daniel H. Young in Nebraska and Edward E. Stevens in Rumford. Many of the privates have fallen into that sleep that knows no waking. It was a good company and one that required but little effort to keep in good discipline. Quite a number of them re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.

The marches and stations of the 23d Maine Regiment are shown in the following table:

i. Mustered into United States service at Portland, Sept. 29, 1862.
ii. Left Portland for Washington October 18.
iii. Reached Washington Monday evening, October 20th, and went into camp on Capitol Hill.
iv. Left Washington October 25, with orders to report to General Cuvier Grover at Seneca, Md.
v. October 26, went into camp at Lock No. 21; called camp "Camp Grover."
vi. General Grover left and the command was turned over to Colonel P. S. Davis.
vii. Moved to Offutt's Cross Roads November 11.
viii. December 21 Companies B, D and I were sent to Great Falls, Company G to Lock 21, Companies C and H to Seneca and the others to Muddy Branch.
ix. December 26, Company B went to Muddy Branch, G to Seneca and A, C, E, F and H to Edward's Ferry.

x. February, Companies D and G moved up to Edward's Ferry.

xi. April 18, Companies C and K went to Conrad's Ferry, Companies A, B and E remained at Edward's Ferry under Major Soule and H, G, D and F moved to headquarters of brigade at Poolesville.

xii. April 20, Company C moved to Seneca and K to Muddy Branch.

xiii. May 5, regiment moved down the Potomac twenty-five miles, crossed Chain Bridge and went into camp near Fort Ethan Allan.

xiv. May 24, moved to Alexandria and threw up earth-works around the city.

xv. Returned to Poolesville June 17.

xvi. June 22, Company F sent to guard the signal station on Sugar Loaf.

xvii. June 24, regiment moved to Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights, and went into camp.

xviii. June 27, regiment ordered to Portland, Maine.

xix. Reached Portland July 6.

xx. July 15, mustered out of service by Lieut. F. E. Crossman.

LIEUT. LAPHAM.

SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY.

While the Twenty-third Maine Regiment was in the service, the army of the Potomac sustained two defeats, at Fredricksburg and Chancellorsville, and achieved a grand victory at Gettysburg. Fredricksburg was fought on the thirteenth of December, 1862, Chancellorsville from May first to the fourth, 1863, and Gettysburg from July first to the third, following. Vicksburg was also captured and the Mississippi opened to navigation to the ocean. But Lee's army was not captured at Gettysburg and had retreated toward Richmond in a condition to continue the war. The situation for the final success of the Union army was very promising and the success at Gettysburg, though the victory was not as complete as many thought it should have been, stimulated the people of the loyal states to continued effort, and by paying large bounties recruiting was quite brisk, though drafting had to be resorted to in some localities. In the latter part of 1863, Maine raised four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and a light battery, though some of the organizations did not go to the front until the spring of 1864. I recruited a company for the cavalry, with the promise of a cap-

tain's commission, but when the company had been mostly recruited, at the request of the Governor and with the consent of the men enlisted, I changed over to light artillery with the promise of the second position. The captaincy of the new battery was given to Adelbert B. Twitchell who had seen honorable service in the Fifth Maine Battery, and who had come to Maine to assist in recruiting the seventh. Loren E. Bundy who was orderly sergeant of the Fifth Battery was given a lieutenancy, and the other two commissions were given to Daniel Staples of Old Town and Frank Thorpe of Boothbay, both of whom had seen service in the infantry. Our company was made up mostly of veterans and was designated a veteran organization. Some of our sergeants had previously held commissions. John C. Quimby had served as lieutenant and captain in the Second Maine, and Sergeant John E. Willis had served as lieutenant in a New Hampshire regiment. Some of our privates were graduates from college, many of them were students, and there was scarcely one who had not received a good education.

We had very comfortable quarters and had comparatively little sickness while at Augusta. The cavalry regiment was encamped on the State grounds very near us, while the twenty-ninth and thirtieth were in camp on the Mulliken farm, a little out on the Winthrop road. The battery was mustered into the service of the United

States on the 29th day of December, by Lieutenant Joshua Fessenden of the regular army. Camp life in Augusta was dull and monotonous. The officers studied the tactics but as we had no guns to illustrate the text, it was dry and uninteresting. We had a few men in our company, and only a few, who would sometimes get intoxicated when they had the opportunity, and these gave us no little trouble. We could not keep them in camp all the time, and whenever they went into the city they were quite sure to get into trouble. There were unscrupulous people in Augusta as well as elsewhere, who seemed to regard the bounty money of a drunken soldier as legitimate plunder. Intoxicating liquors were sold in many places and when a soldier became intoxicated in one of the numerous dens, he was sure to be robbed to his last dollar. If a soldier hired a stable team without making a definite agreement as to the price before leaving, he was often charged five and six times the regular price.

I went to Auburn one day in January, and was absent two days. When I returned a pleasant surprise awaited me. In the presence of the company and in their behalf, a fine gold watch and chain were presented to me by Captain Twitchell, which I still carry and highly prize.

While in Augusta, the non-commissioned officers and privates made up a purse of three hundred dollars for the purchase of a horse for Captain

Twitchell. The money was placed in the hands of Corporal Lennan F. Jones who went up the line of the Grand Trunk Railway and in due time returned with a fine stallion, black as the raven's wing. The horse was duly presented and proved an excellent animal for the purpose for which he was obtained. He accompanied the battery during its entire term of service, and returned to Maine when the war was over.

The organization of the Seventh Maine Battery, the names of those who served therein, and the changes that occurred during its service are given below:

Adelbert B. Twitchell,	Captain,	Bethel.
William B. Lapham,	Sr. 1st Lieut.,	Woodstock.
Loren E. Bundy,	Jr. 1st Lieut.,	Columbia, N. H.
Daniel Staples,	Sr. 2d Lieut.,	Old Town.
Frank Thorpe,	Jr. 2d Lieut.,	Boothbay.
Osborne J. Pierce,	Orderly Sergt.,	Albion.
Albert S. Twitchell,	Q. M. Sergt.,	Bethel.
John E. Willis,	Sergeant,	Gorham, N. H.
Howard Gould,	"	Portland.
William H. Jones,	"	Winthrop.
John C. Quimby,	"	Abbot.
Augustus Bradbury,	"	Fairfield.
Geo. A. McLellan,	"	Alfred.
Thomas Q. Waterhouse,	Corporal,	Portland.
Augustus M. Carter,	"	Bethel.
Omar Smith,	"	Arrowsic.
Frank J. Norton,	"	Readfield.
Alfred H. Briggs,	"	Woodstock.
Benjamin S. Crawford,	"	Auburn.
Charles Lapham,	"	Bethel.

Joseph T. Merrill,	Corporal,	Portland.
Everett A. Wentworth,	"	Bristol.
Wm. C. Hutchinson,	"	Rumford.
Lennan F. Jones,	"	Winthrop.
Augustus P. Grendell,	"	Penobscot.
William Hilton,	Musician,	Norridgewock.
Frank Q. Bodwell,	"	Rumford.
George S. Ricker,	Artificer,	Hallowell.
Sewall A. Stillings,	"	Gorham, N. H.
Algernon S. Chapman,	Wagoner,	Bethel.
Moses H. Arthur,	Private,	Hallowell.
William Andrews,	"	Rumford.
Stanley C. Alley,	"	Bristol.
Charles W. Ackley,	"	Rumford.
Samuel W. Barker,	"	Monmouth.
Benjamin F. Berry,	"	Wayne.
Briggs G. Besse,	"	Bristol.
Luther Briggs,	"	Minot.
Horace Burrill,	"	Monmouth.
John M. Bryant,	"	Woodstock.
Lorenzo Billings,	"	"
Charles M. Bixby,	"	"
Jesse D. Bisbee,	"	Cape Elizabeth.
Zaccheus Baker,	"	Norridgewock.
Delphinus B. Bicknell,	"	Poland.
William R. Bean,	"	Kittery.
Ruel M. Berry,	"	Unity.
Albert Billings,	"	Woodstock.
Joseph W. Bean,	"	Bethel.
Alexander Boyd,	"	Boothbay.
Charles C. Burt,	"	Bethel.
Warren O. Carney,	"	Portland.
Lyman Carter,	"	Troy.
John L. Crie,	"	Unity.
Archy S. Cole,	"	Bethel.
George M. Churchill,	"	New Portland.

George E. Dewitt,	Private,	Presque Isle.
Charles C. Dalton,	"	York.
James E. Dudley,	"	Monmouth.
Asbury E. Eastman,	"	Rumford.
Edgar Emery,	"	Auburn.
Eben M. Field,	"	Sidney.
Albus T. Field,	"	"
James S. Field,	"	Monmouth.
Lemuel T. Field,	"	"
George H. Farrar,	"	Dresden.
James H. Fall,	"	Dresden.
Rufus V. Farnum,	"	Rumford.
Alpheus Fuller,	"	Woodstock.
Joseph U. Frye,	"	Bethel.
John Goudy,	"	Bristol.
Edward F. Gerrish,	"	Brunswick.
James Gould,	"	Troy.
J. Woodman Gerrish,	"	Bethel.
Samuel Goodwin,	"	Rumford.
Henry H. Goudy,	"	Bristol.
Joel Goodwin,	"	Rumford.
Thomas H. Hyde,	"	Limington.
David S. Hawes,	"	Troy.
John B. Hazeltine,	"	"
George Hotham,	"	Monmouth.
George Holmes,	"	Lisbon.
Charles E. Haynes,	"	Mercer.
William M. Hobbs,	"	Norridgewock.
George H. Hutchins,	"	Rumford.
George E. Howe,	"	Bethel.
Charles B. Howard,	"	Albany.
Herbert E. Hale,	"	Norridgewock.
William Hamilton,	"	Unity.
Ensworth T. Harden,	"	Bethel.
Robert S. Hysom,	"	Bristol.
George A. Johnson,	"	Alfred.

Levi D. Jewell,	Private,	Woodstock.
George H. Kimball,	"	Mercer.
Charles G. Kenney,	"	Bristol.
John W. Leavitt,	"	Winthrop.
James S. Lowell,	"	Portland.
George S. Landers,	"	Monmouth.
Charles N. Lindsey,	"	Norridgewock.
Frank Lancaster,	"	Dresden.
Daniel H. Lovejoy,	"	"
Orrin R. LeGrow,	"	Windham.
Joseph Lapham,	"	Rumford.
Isaac F. Lapham, Amb.	Driver,	Woodstock
William Martin,	Private,	Rumford.
James McLoon,	"	Bremen.
Sylvester Mason,	"	Bethel.
George W. Marston,	"	Monmouth.
Finson R. McKeen,	"	Dresden.
Robert W. Manning,	"	"
Hezekiah G. Mason,	"	Mason.
John Mason,	"	Bethel.
James B. Mason,	"	Woodstock.
Alonzo B. Merrill,	"	Holden.
Gardiner F. McDaniel,	"	China.
Joseph R. Niles,	"	Webster.
Daniel F. Oakes,	"	Eddington.
John G. Preble,	"	Gilead.
Simon Piper, Jr.,	"	Weld.
James H. Pratt,	"	Woodstock.
Samuel J. Reed,	"	Damariscotta.
Asa A. Rowe,	"	Gilead.
Charles O. Randall,	"	Bangor.
Charles A. Reed,	"	Monmouth.
Joseph King,	"	Holden.
Thomas J. Rowe,	"	Gilead.
Asa Richardson,	"	Rumford.
Ezra Ridlon, Jr.,	"	Woodstock.

Alfred Roberts,	Private,	Durham.
Ferdinand A. Smith,	"	Portland.
William E. Stevens,	"	Unity
Francis F. Stevens,	"	Woodstock.
Charles Stewart,	"	Norridgewock.
Thomas S. Simms,	"	Portland.
Samuel Stevens,	"	Norridgewock.
George F. Sumner,	"	Union.
Harvey B. Simmons,	"	"
Loring C. Simpson,	"	Alna.
Austin F. Twitchell,	"	Bethel.
Albert Towle,	"	Kenduskeag.
William L. Twitchell,	"	Bethel.
Levi F. Towle, Jr.,	"	Kenduskeag.
Howard P. Todd,	"	Monmouth.
Edward H. Waldron,	"	Camden.
Charles E. Wheeler,	"	Mason.
Frank S. Wade,	"	Norridgewock.
Alfred B. Wyman,	"	Webster.
Apollos Williams,	"	Gorham, N. H.
Charles A. N. Waterman,	"	Durham.
George Williston, Jr.,	"	Brunswick.
Edward P. Whitney,	"	Winthrop.
Harvey H. Webber,	"	Bristol.
Freeland Young,	"	Paris.

JOINED AFTER JANUARY, 1864.

Joseph H. Anthoine,	Private.	Windham.
Ebenezer A. Brooks,	"	Winslow.
Joseph E. Benner,	"	Nobleboro.
Oscar Blunt,	"	Brownville.
Augustus Barden,	"	"
Park B. Bachelder,	"	New Portland.
Moses W. Bagley,	"	Troy.
Robert M. Commings,	"	Portland.

Andrew L. Cram,	Private,	Portland.
Warren O. Douglass,	"	Paris.
Jonas P. Dudley,	"	Readfield.
Joseph H. Dunham,	"	Paris.
Charles Emerson,	"	Turner.
Willis C. Estes,	"	Troy.
Sewell B. Emery,	"	Poland.
Samuel Fessenden,	"	Rockland.
Francis G. Flagg,	"	Jefferson.
Frederick C. Fuller,	"	Lewiston.
Leverett W. Gerrish,	"	Paris.
Adney C. Gurney,	"	"
Asa D. Hazeltine,	"	Troy.
George Hewey,	"	Wells.
Lorenzo B. Harrington,	"	Lewiston.
Ivory C. Hanson,	"	New Portland.
David D. Hanson,	"	Windsor.
Alfred J. Haskell,	"	Portland.
Frank H. Hamilton,	"	"
Elery G. Harris,	"	Gilead.
Lorenzo A. Jones,	"	Jefferson.
James Kelly,	"	Strong.
Martin V. Knight,	"	Troy.
Elias A. Lothrop,	"	Scarboro.
Oscar W. Litchfield,	"	Portland.
Milfred Mahoney,	"	Augusta.
Isaac J. Marble,	"	Brownville.
Aaron A. Merrill,	"	Pownal.
Samuel W. Nash,	"	Jefferson.
James R. Nickerson,	"	Belgrade.
Isaac F. Polley,	"	Portland.
David R. Pierce,	"	Porter.
Aurestus S. Perham,	"	Paris.
John Reed,	"	"
Orrin Ross,	"	Porter.

James A. Roberts,	Private,	Paris.
Ashley C. Rice,	"	Windham.
Charles V. Richards,	"	Wayne.
Winfield S. Starbird,	"	Paris.
Oliver B. Strout,	"	Poland.
Llewellyn L. Stevens,	"	Troy.
Charles W. Smith,	"	"
Benjamin F. Snow,	"	Brownville.
John T. Savage,	"	Portland.
Henry Stockbridge,	"	Poland.
Samuel Taylor,	"	"
William H. Thompson,	"	New Portland.
Edwin Woodsum,	"	Poland.
Laforest Warner,	"	Paris.
Andrew J. Woodbury,	"	Belgrade.
Thomas M. Adams,	"	Union.
George H. Blake,	"	Portland.
Joseph L. Bennett,	"	Bridgton.
Wentworth M. Brown,	"	Poland.
Randall Conant,	"	Plymouth.
Nathaniel C. Dean,	"	Webster.
Emery C. Dunn,	"	Dixmont.
Harris W. Jordan,	"	Webster.
Howard W. Merrill,	"	Augusta.
David H. Merrill,	"	Saco.
William L. Newton,	"	Portland.

Those who were enlisted for the battery, but never joined it, and were discharged May 13, 1865, on account of the close of the war :—

Alvin J. Poland,	Private,	Portland.
George M. Pease,	"	Bridgton.
Perry Russell,	"	Harrison.
Wesley Strout,	"	Poland.
David O. Sawtelle,	"	Sidney.
Charles W. Wormell,	"	Bethel.
Elliott B. Walker,	"	Naples.

Whole number enlisted for the battery during its term of service, 229.

PROMOTIONS.

Corporal Augustus M. Carter, promoted sergeant.
Private Luther Briggs, promoted corporal.
" Delphinus B. Bicknell, promoted corporal.
" Finson R. McKeen, promoted corporal.
" Ferdinand A. Smith, promoted corporal.
" Harvey B. Simmons, promoted corporal.
" Albert Towle, promoted corporal.
Capt. A. B. Twitchell, promoted brevet-major of artillery.
Lieut. Wm. B. Lapham, promoted Capt. A. Q. M. and brevet-major U. S. volunteers.
Lieut. Loren E. Bundy, promoted senior 1st Lieut., not mustered.
" Frank Thorpe, 1st Lieut., not mustered.
Orderly Sergt. Osborne J. Pierce, 2d Lieut., not mustered.
Sergt. Howard Gould, promoted Q. M. sergeant.
Corporal Delphinus B. Bicknell, promoted sergeant.
Private Joseph H. Anthoine, promoted corporal.
" Stanley C. Ailey, promoted corporal.
" Alfred H. Briggs, promoted corporal.
" Warren O. Carney, promoted artificer.
" Herbert E. Hale, promoted corporal.
" Samuel J. Fessenden, promoted 1st Lieut., First Maine Battery.
" Levi D. Jewell, promoted corporal.
" Orrin R. LeGrow, promoted corporal.
" Aurestus S. Perham, promoted sergeant-major First Maine Mounted Artillery, February 11, 1865.
" Samuel Y. Reed, appointed bugler.

CASUALTIES AND DISCHARGES.

Sergt. William H. Jones, died of disease April 1, 1864.

Musician Frank Q. Bodwell, wounded May 18, 1864.

Artificer George S. Ricker, died of disease March 21, 1864.

Private Moses H. Arthur, discharged for disability April 9, 1864.

" William Andrew, died in hospital August 27, 1864.

" Charles W. Ashley, died in hospital July 17, 1864.

" William R. Bean, wounded May 12, 1865; discharged.

" Charles C. Burt, discharged for disability April 19, 1864.

" Lemuel T. Field, died of disease March 23, 1864.

" James H. Fall, wounded May 12, died May 16, 1864.

" Samuel Goodwin, died of disease October 4, 1864.

" George Holmes, discharged for disability June 20, 1864.

" John W. Leavitt, died of disease March 16, 1864.

" Robert W. Manning, dropped from rolls as deserter January 11, 1864.

" Hezekiah G. Mason, wounded July 25, 1864.

" Joseph R. Niles, wounded June 3, died July 26, 1864.

" Asa A. Rowe, died of disease April 19, 1864.

Private Charles O. Randall, wounded May 21, 1864.
" Charles A. Reed, died of disease Febnuyra 17, 1864.
" Charles E. Wheeler, died of disease Aug. 6, 1864.
" Briggs G. Besse, discharged June 29, 1864.
" Lorenzo Billings, discharged April 10, 1865.
" Ebenezer A. Brooks, discharged June 1, 1865.
" Benjamin S. Crawford, discharged for disability January 17, 1865.
" Archy S. Cole, deserted at Augusta, March 1, 1865.
" George E. Dewitt, died of disease November 9, 1864.
" Asbury E. Eastman, discharged June 2, 1865.
" John Goudy, discharged for disability June 10, 1865.
" James Gould, deserted on furlough March 28, 1865.
" Thomas H. Hyde, transferred to Vet. Res. Corps March 15, 1865.
" Ensworth T. Harden, discharged for disability January 2, 1865.
" William C. Hutchinson, discharged June 2, 1865.
" Frank H. Hamilton, absent, whereabouts unknown.
" George A. Johnson, discharged for disability January 13, 1865.
" George W. Marston, discharged June 17, 1865.

Private James B. Mason, discharged for disability June 10, 1865.
" Charles O. Randall, discharged for disability March 20, 1865.
" Alfred Roberts, discharged July 17, 1864.
" Apollos Williams, discharged May 31, 1865.
" Laforest Warner, died of disease January 1, 1865.
" Emery C. Dunn, died of disease May 17, 1865.
" Howard W. Merrill, died of disease March 27, 1865.
" Sylvester Mason, died of disease June 20, 1865.
" Alpheus Fuller, wounded by a fragment of shell in Fort Sedgwick in February, 1865, but continued on duty.

DIED SINCE THE WAR.

Lieut. Loren A. Bundy.
" Daniel Staples.
Sergt. John E. Willis.
" Geo. A. McLellan.
Corp. Harvey B. Simmons.
" Orrin R. LeGrow.
" Luther Briggs.
" Omar Smith.
" Albert Towle.
" Levi D. Jewell.
Priv. Samuel W. Barker.
" Lorenzo Billings.
" Zaccheus Baker.
" Ebenezer A. Brooks.
" Park B. Bachelder.
" Wm. R. Bean.
Priv. James Gould.
" Thos. H. Hyde.
" David S. Hawes.
" J. B. Hazeltine.
" W. C. Hutchinson.
" George Hewey.
" David D. Hanson.
" L. A. Jones.
" Geo. A. Johnson.
" A. B. Merrill.
" John Mason.
" Milfred Mahoney.
" Geo. W. Marston.
" Frank J. Norton.
" J. R. Nickerson.
" Geo. M. Pease.

Priv. Charles C. Burt.	Priv. Joseph Ring.
" Benj. S. Crawford.	" Asa Richardson.
" Robert M. Cummings.	" John Reed.
" Randall Conant.	" Orrin Ross.
" Nathaniel C. Dean.	" Oliver B. Strout.
" Asbury E. Eastman.	" L. S. Stevens.
" Edgar Emery.	" W. L. Twitchell.
" Willis C. Estes.	" Ed. H. Waldron.
" Eben M. Field.	" T.Q.Waterhouse.
" Edward F. Gerrish.	" Apollos Williams.

There were many discomforts in winter camp life, at the very best, in this high northern latitude, though the later regiments fared much better than those that wintered here early in the war. The early regiments lodged under canvas, while we had board barracks made warm and comparatively comfortable. But the men grew restive under the discipline we were obliged to enforce, and we were not sorry when orders came for the Seventh Maine Battery to repair to Washington. Following this order, there was considerable stir and bustle in camp. Men were called in who had received brief furloughs to visit their friends, the sick in quarters were examined and those unfit for duty were sent to the hospital.

The day of departure was fixed for the first of February. Captain Twitchell had been boarding at the Augusta House, and the legislature being in session, he had made the acquaintance of many members and their ladies who became interested in his battery and were desirous of seeing the men as they marched by on their way to the cars. Captain

Twitchell went to the Augusta House leaving me in charge of the company and the line was formed in two ranks. We had made every effort to keep liquor out of the camp by granting no passes to the city for twenty-four hours, and thought we had succeeded. The men came into line promptly and with great precision, and we marched up the avenue between the elms, reaching the street in front of the State House. Then taking the center of State street we marched toward the station. The uniforms of men and officers were new, and the company made a very fine appearance. As we reached the Augusta House where we were to pass in review, the doors and verandas were filled with gentlemen and ladies who greeted us with smiling faces and with cheers.

The company had good accommodations on the train, reached Boston and Providence without adventure and there took steamer for Jersey City. I stopped over in Boston to take some sick to the hospital but overtook the company at Providence. At Jersey City we were detained for an hour or two, and while there Lieutenant Bundy's sister who was teaching in New Jersey came to see him. With us was Miss Adeltha, sister of Captain Twitchell who went as far as Philadelphia. She was in the South teaching when the war broke out, and her return to the North was attended with many hardships and difficulties. She afterwards married a Colonel Thompson who had command of

a colored regiment during the war and settled in Pennsylvania. She died a few years after the war. She was a lady of ability, well educated and possessed of many amiable qualities.

At Philadelphia the company was the recipient of the usual hospitalities and then went on to Washington. Our first night was spent in barracks where there were other soldiers, some of whom were drunk and noisy and gave us but little chance to sleep. The next morning, the battery went to the artillery camp, some three miles from the city on the Bladensburg road. This was a camp of instruction and known as Camp Barry. Several batteries were there when we arrived including the 14th Massachusetts, the 14th New York and the 2d Maine. The latter had been two years in the service, and was ordered there to recruit up. We had very nice quarters and at once entered upon the study of the tactics.

Contrabands, as negroes are called, were very plenty about Washington, and I hired a servant named Charles. He had been a slave in Virginia and proved to be a most unmitigated scamp. He would lie, steal and get drunk and yet he plead for forgiveness so effectively that he was retained several weeks. About his only redeeming trait was that he was a very fine singer. His voice was plaintive and as clear as that of a bird, and I never heard plantation songs and hymns sang with more touching pathos. But one day I had occasion to

go to town, and when I returned "Charley" was under arrest and in the guard house. Little mercy was shown colored people in the district courts at that time, and I knew if the offender should be handed over to the civil authorities which would doubtless have been the case, it would go very hard with him, as his offence was of an aggravated nature. So I went to the guard house and after a little parley with the officer in charge, he directed the soldier on duty, to allow the culprit to come out and see me. Camp Barry was enclosed by a high board fence yet not so high but a person of great strength and agility could spring up, catch by the top board and throw himself over. I walked with Charley out toward the fence, and then turned to him and asked him if he supposed he could get over that fence. He said he would like to have a chance to try. "Well," I said to him, "you have such a chance now and the quicker you improve it, the better it will be for you." He required no further hint, and was over the fence almost in a twinkling. I never saw him nor heard of him again. His full name was Charles Simms. The guard had the good sense to be looking in the opposite direction, and when I returned by the guard house no questions were asked.

Connected with the batteries in Camp Barry, were many very hard customers, and hardly a day passed that more or less of them were not punished by being tied to the spare wheel. The usual offences were

breaking from camp, running away to the city, drunkenness and disorderly conduct on their return. Many of them did not return until brought in by the provost guard. Such were treated as deserters and tried as such. Along toward the last of February, I was detailed as judge advocate of a general court martial convened to try a lot of these fellows. I have the charges and specifications, or many of them, at this date. The court was in session some weeks, and some thirty or forty soldiers were tried and most of them were convicted. The punishment was generally light. Forfeiture of pay and allowances, imprisonment, and police service in camp were the usual sentences.

We had now been at Camp Barry nearly three months and as the spring advanced and the time for active army operations approached, we naturally began to be solicitious, or at any rate curious, to know what was to be done with us. We had no doubt that we should see active service and that was what we wanted. We had had drilling to our hearts' content and were heartily tired of the routine of camp life. There were various rumors in camp, but none could be traced to any reliable source. And there is something very strange about camp rumors. The most extravagant stories will go from mouth to mouth and every effort to trace them to the fountain head, will be utterly unavailing. Of course they have their origin, but I never yet knew a case where it was found. Some said that

we were to go with a secret expedition to some point in the far South, and when it was said that Burnside was to have charge of the expedition, we felt that there might be some truth in it, for we knew the Ninth Corps to be short of field artillery, and when it landed at Annapolis we had felt and expressed the opinion that our destiny was more or less involved in the operations of this corps. Nor did we object. We had formed a very high opinion of General Burnside. We knew him to be every inch a man; we knew him to be patriotic and self-sacrificing, nor did we think any worse of him because he had failed as commander-in-chief of the army of the Potomac.

Orders finally came for us to draw our guns and other necessary articles, and to be ready to join the Ninth Army Corps which was to reinforce the army of the Potomac. The Second Maine Battery in camp with us, and several others were to be attached to the Ninth Corps. This corps was to come up from Annapolis and march through the city of Washington, crossing the Potomac at Long Bridge, and the batteries from Camp Barry were to join it as it passed through. Then there was great hurry and bustle in camp. Horses were drawn; harnesses and other necessary articles procured; riders were selected and men for the different positions about the guns. Theoretical information received from the study of the tactics, was now put in practice, and in this work Lieutenant

Bundy who had been orderly sergeant in the Fifth Maine Battery, and was thoroughly familiar with everything pertaining to this branch of the service, was a valuable man. Captain Twitchell had also been an officer in the same battery, and upon these two devolved chiefly, the duty of putting things to rights and in shape for active service.

We had considerable sickness among the men while in Camp Barry and lost several by death. Sergeant William H. Jones from Winthrop, one of the most intelligent and accomplished men in the company, was among the first to go. He was a graduate of Kent's Hill Seminary, a fine scholar, a popular teacher and a very promising writer. His death was greatly deplored. There were several left behind when the battery went from Washington, and some started with us who soon fell out by the way. How well I remember the day when we joined the long column and crossed over Long Bridge and into Virginia. We were destined to see many a hard fought battle before we should return. The Ninth Corps at this time numbered nearly fifteen thousand men. There was a division of colored troops connected with it, and this was the first time I had seen negroes armed. The men of the corps had drawn new clothing at Annapolis, and made a very fine appearance. In passing through Washington and across the bridge and also while passing the defences on the Virginia side, the troops marched in column of four abreast, and it took a

long time for the entire corps to pass any given point. After passing through the defences and reaching the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the same order of march was not insisted upon and it became very much a "go as you please." The officers of the battery were mounted, the drivers of spans were also mounted while the detachments walked by their guns or rode upon the caisons.

We now began to find recently deserted camps, where troops that had been spending the winter near Washington, or along the railroad, had recently broken camp and started for the front. Only a light guard was left to protect the communication with the base of supplies. Our battery was in the third division and well toward the rear of the column. It was not often that we could see much of the line, but once in a while as we ascended a hill with a plain beyond, we could see the blue line for miles ahead, undulating and writhing like the contortions of a huge blue serpent. After we had reached a point a few miles out, General Burnside passed us with his staff, and the men cheered him right heartily as he rode along. On the march after that, he would halt at the wayside for the column to pass, then he would mount and pass to the head of the column, where he would again halt, and allow the corps to pass him. His appearance, no matter how often, was always the signal for vociferous cheering. He was ever popular with the

enlisted men. He rode a large brown horse whose tail was docked and very short. He was a famous war horse and an animal of great endurance. When night came we camped in the most convenient place along the line of march. We had shelter tents for the men, while conveniences for camping for the officers were taken along with the battery. We had our mess chest with earthern cups, saucers and plates, and all other conveniences for getting up a good meal at any time and place. We generally camped where we could get a supply of fuel for broiling our meat and steeping our coffee, but the country through which we were now passing over had been fought over so many times and occupied so long with troops, that fuel had become very scarce. We soon learned that chestnut, hickory, locust and white oak made good fuel even when green, and our camping places were generally in the vicinity of a grove of one of these woods.

It has already been stated that most of the boys of our battery had seen service before, and knew how to take care of themselves, while the new men soon learned the lesson of the veterans. The essentials for a good camping ground are wood, water and a well-drained soil. The first thing after halting when on the march, was to lay out the camp, pitch the tents, then get wood and build fires. The canteens were then filled with water, and each soldier filled his dipper, put in his coffee and held it over the fire until it came to a boil. He then

put in his sugar and cooled it down to the right temperature for drinking. The coffee furnished by the government was generally of the first quality, and nothing could be better for the tired soldier than a pint of this delectable beverage. Under its exhilarating influence, he soon lost his tired-out, exhausted feeling, and in a short time became as gay and as exuberant as when he set out in the morning. I verily believe that but for coffee, the rebellion would never have been crushed out, and if the Southern soldiers could have been supplied with it, the contest would have been much prolonged. Our beef was driven along with us and slaughtered as it was wanted. As soon as the halt for the night was made the beef was dressed, furnished to quartermasters of regiments, by them to companies and by the company officer to squads, in quantities according to the number of men to be supplied. Very soon after it was slaughtered it was divided and subdivided into small portions and stuck upon sticks and then broiled over the fire. At such times the savory odors arising from broiling steak filled the air for a long distance beyond the limits of the camp. The amount of meat per man was about a pound per day, and when it is remembered that there were fifteen thousand men in the corps, some estimate may be made of the number of animals necessary to supply the demand for a single day. Hard bread, fresh beef, coffee and sugar con-

stituted the marching ration for the soldier. The second day out from Washington we reached Brandy station. We had passed the famous Bull Run battle ground where twice, the rebels had been successful; passed Manasas Junction where so much skirmishing had been done; by Warrenton Junction the scene of many a cavalry fight: here we stopped two days and then passed Catlett's station and Bealton; passed Rappahannock station the scene of one of the more recent encounters where the Fifth and Sixth Maine achieved great things, and finally we reached Brandy station in Culpepper county where a portion of the army of the Potomac had spent the winter. We were now between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan (Rapid Ann), the latter forming the dividing line between Orange and Culpepper counties, and between the army of the Potomac and the army of Northern Virginia. A portion of the army had already crossed the Rapidan and we halted for a short time at Brandy station and camped there, waiting for the roads to be cleared so that we could move on and join the attacking column.

Of course, the plan of the campaign which we knew had now opened, was entirely unknown outside of headquarters. The army being only a machine, subordinate officers and men had nothing to do but to obey orders. There was no end to speculation, for in this free country soldiers will think and talk, but as to what was before us, we

were all equally in the dark. While at Brandy station, I called on the Fourth Maine Battery which had spent the winter there. I saw Lieutenant Kimball and several private soldiers from Bethel. This battery was attached to the Sixth Army Corps, and was under marching orders. The Second and Fifth Corps had already left for the flank movement toward Richmond. The order for the movement was issued on the second of May, and the movement was begun at midnight of May 3d. At Germania Ford on the Rapidan, General Grant sent a dispatch to General Burnside to make a forced march to join the main army which had then crossed into the "old Wilderness." The 9th Corps had not yet been assigned to the army of the Potomac and was directly under the command of General Grant. This dispatch was sent at a quarter past one on the fourth of May. At that time the first division, Gen. Stevenson's was at Brandy Station, while the other divisions were back, some of them nearly forty miles from the Ford. Stevenson's division crossed the Rapidan on the morning of the fifth, and toward night the other two divisions were across. The division of colored troops did not cross until the morning of the sixth.

General Lee who had his headquarters at Orange court house, was fully apprised of the proposed movement and his troops left their winter quarters almost simultaneously with ours. I do not propose to give anything like a history of the campaign

which had now been opened, for that has been written again and again by those who were in a position to know and who have wielded much abler pens than mine. A subaltern could know but little of what was going on except right around him, and it is of that little that I purpose to speak. I was only a small part of the great machine, and my duty was to obey orders without question. The battle had opened when we were miles away from the Rapidan river, and the loud booming of the cannon informed us that the two great armies had again met in mortal combat. As we drew nearer, volleys of musketry could be heard, followed by that long, indescribable roll of continuous firing. We crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford, by means of a pontoon bridge upon which other corps had crossed and which had been left for us. Crossing the river we passed into the Wilderness and pushed on about three miles. It was quickly understood by us that light artillery could not be used to any great extent on account of the density of the undergrowth which rendered it extremely difficult even for infantry to get along. The signs that a great battle was going on in our immediate vicinity were everywhere manifest. The booming of cannon and rattle of musketry was quite constant. The ambulances were busy in removing the wounded and army surgeons had all they could attend to. On the morning of the sixth, the Ninth Corps was ordered to start at two o'clock and take a position between the

Second and Fifth Corps, the first division to remain in reserve at the Lacy House. Near this tavern, the battery halted for the day. The woody hill above the tavern, it was thought during the afternoon, might be occupied by artillery, and our battery was ordered to take position there. We accordingly proceeded to the crest of this hill. Beyond, toward the enemy, the growth was so dense as to entirely obstruct the view, but the enemy saw us from their signal stations, and before we had unlimbered, the shells began to fall around us and in close proximity. They had our range completely and were on much higher ground than we. The situation was taken in from headquarters at the tavern, and an orderly was sent directing us to get out of there as soon as possible. We were glad enough to obey and left the hill without firing a gun. But the battery had been under fire, and we began to feel like veterans. And here we spent a large part of the time while the battle of the Wilderness was being fought.

A large number of batteries was in our vicinity, and one afternoon an order came for us to harness up and proceed as quickly as possible, toward the Rapidan. It was understood that the rebels were pressing hard upon our right occupied by the Sixth Corps, with the idea of turning it and capturing our supply trains which were then in rear of this corps. We run our horses at the top of their speed, and went into position as directed. Artillery was

placed in position as near together as possible for the distance of nearly a mile. Whether this formidable array of guns prevented the proposed attack upon our right, I never knew, but it was not made, and our supply wagons passed safely along toward our left.

While it was not permissible for any officer to stray far from his command while a conflict was going on, yet so little could be accomplished with artillery that the officers of this branch of the service took some liberties. I went to the cleared field not far away, where our hospital tents had been set up and such a sight as there met my view, may I never behold again. There were acres of wounded men stretched upon the ground and the few hospital tents were filled to overflowing. A very large number were only slightly wounded, and this was one of the peculiarities of the battle of the Wilderness. In trying to screen themselves from the foe, the men took position behind trees which were too small to protect the whole person, the arms in the operation of loading being exposed, so that wounded arms, hands and legs were unusually common. But there were wounds of every kind, and the surgeons' knives were kept constantly busy in amputating wounded limbs, and other instruments in probing for bullets. And so the great battle went on. Sometimes one side gained an advantage, and then the other, but no decisive results could be reached either way. In the thick

tangle of the forest, squads of men would get detached from their regiments and wander about and sometimes march directly into the enemy's line. This happened not unfrequently to squads from both armies. Squads from the two armies would sometimes meet, and the one that was the largest generally made prisoners of the smaller.

Finally, after this thing had been going on for some days, there were decided indications that we were about to move. But where? We were quite sure that no victory had been won, and believed that no decided advantage had been gained by either side. Were we about to retreat, or recross, as had been the case after Chancellorsville? There was great depression in the rank and file and with all who did not understand the exact situation. But we harnessed up and moved off toward the left with the troops. Still we did not know whether we were retreating or advancing. Perhaps we had no business to know, only our army was not made up of serfs, but of intelligent men, and the meanest private felt a personal interest in the result. Toward noon we reached the old Chancellorsville battle ground, and there we stopped for dinner. The place where the 5th Maine Battery was in position when its horses were shot down and Captain Leppein received his death wound, was pointed out. Less than a year had elapsed since this terrible battle took place, and the bones of the slain horses were bleaching in the sun on the spot

where they fell. And now the question would soon be decided in our minds as to whether we were retreating or advancing. If retreating, we should cross the Rappahannock somewhere near Fredricksburg, and if not, we should continue to move by the left toward Spotsylvania. The latter proved to be our course, and we were happy. I only judge others by myself, and I was truly happy that we were advancing, which indicated that we had not been beaten. The rank and file of the army wanted no more retreating, and from the moment when we passed the roads that led to the Rappahannock Fords and continued straight on toward Spotsylvania, I never had a doubt that General Grant would lead us on to final victory.

As we advanced toward Spotsylvania, we again heard the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, showing that the corps which had preceded us were already engaged with the enemy. The sanguinary battle of Spotsylvania court house had begun.

In the battle of the Wilderness, while General Lee cannot be said to have been worsted, yet he had failed to accomplish his object, which was to fall upon the Union army and prevent its farther advance. General Grant hoped to avoid a battle at this point, and by pushing rapidly forward to gain the open country beyond, before colliding with his opponent. So up to this time, the hopes of neither commander had been realized. The advan-

tage, however, was decidedly with the Union army, enabling it to continue its flank movement toward the rebel capital. Our loss in the Wilderness was very heavy, but the losses on the other side were by no means small, and the advantage gained for our side, we felt to greatly outweigh the cost.

It was early in the morning, May 9th, that the 9th Corps moved from Aldrich's on the Orange and Fredicksburg plank road to Gates' house, on the road from Spotsylvania court house to Fredericksburg, and then toward the court house, crossing the Ny river at Gates' house, a mile and a half from the court house. There are several rivers in this part of Virginia, the *Matt*, the *Tay*, the *Po* and the *Ny*, and when these rivers converge and form one stream, the combined water takes the very appropriate name of Mattapony. Wilcox' division which was in front, had a brush with some dismounted cavalry, and a brigade of Longstreet's corps. It was over before the other divisions came up. The battery was placed in position and was more or less engaged for the next three days. It was while here that the first casualties occurred. Three of our men were very severely wounded. This occurred on the twelfth of June. The names of those wounded were William R. Bean, James H. Fall who died four days after, and Charles O. Randall. Bean lost a leg and Randall did not return to the battery.

A little night adventure in which I bore a humble part, occurred while we were at Spotsylvania. The

Second Corps was on our right, and the division next to the ninth was commanded by General Barlow. This division had been ordered to charge the enemy's works, and General Barlow thought a little more artillery than he had, might be used to advantage. So he sent to the Ninth Corps, and an order was issued to detach a section from our battery and send it up to the point whence the change was to be made. For this purpose, the right section was detached. The night was very dark and rainy, and our course was through the woods and over very rough and miry roads. A staff officer accompanied us to show us the way, and about two o'clock in the morning, we reached a place where we were directed to unlimber and take the horses back over the brow of a hill, a short distance to the rear. We lay down near the guns after mounting a sufficient guard, and had a little sleep, but as the day began to break we were awakened and prepared for action. As it grew light, we found ourselves in an advanced position with only a light picket line between us and the enemy's entrenched position. The spring birds sung sweetly in the trees, but other sounds than bird songs were to be heard ere long. Soon after light, we noticed a column of union infantry in our rear and advancing upon us. This was the attacking column, and the rebels saw it about as soon as we did, and opened a heavy fire upon it and us. For a few moments the air was full of whizzing, whistling

bullets and as we were between the advancing column and the rebel works, we of course had our share of the bullets. We immediately opened upon the rebel line with cannister shot, and after the Union column had passed us, we changed to shell. Our troops advanced with a cheer. Men occasionally fell, but the ranks were quickly closed up, and after firing a few rounds, our infantry charged the works and carried them. We then changed to solid shot which we continued to throw into the woods for about an hour. There were some twenty guns besides ours, and for a little while, we made things lively. Toward noon, the union troops returned with the report that the charge had practically, been a failure. Our troops had charged and captured a second line of works, but they found a third line impregnable and after losing many men in a vain effort to capture it, they withdrew. In the afternoon we rejoined the battery. And after several days more of fighting there were indications of another flank movement toward the left. Our guns were withdrawn from the works, but previously, long columns of infantry had passed us marching toward the south. It was just at night that we withdrew our guns and harnessed up, and about this time active firing was heard in rear of our right and for a little time, we feared that our right flank had really been turned. We remained where we were for several hours until the firing ceased. The attack was made

by Ewell's rebel corps, with the view of capturing our supply trains. It so happened that General Tyler with some ten thousand heavy artillery-men was on his way to join the army of the Potomac, and encountered Ewell's troops in our rear. They at once attacked them, and the sound of their guns was what we heard. This was the first time these regiments which had been drawn from the defences of Washington had been under fire, and they behaved most splendidly. The loss however was very severe, as they stood up and fought and did not take advantage of shelter as veteran troops always do. The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery was in this engagement and lost heavily. The second corps which had started toward the left but had not gone far, hurried back and Birney's division which contained several Maine regiments, had a hand in driving the rebels back which was speedily accomplished.

In the several engagements at Spotsylvania, the 9th Corps lost over three thousand men, in killed, wounded and prisoners, and most of them were lost on the twelfth of May. The losses in other corps on that day swelled the number to seven thousand. The Ninth Corps led in the charge on that day, and hence its greater loss. Ewell's movement on our right and his defeat occurred on the 19th. Among the killed of the Ninth Corps was General Stevenson, commanding the first division. The number of killed, wounded and prisoners in

the Union army at Spotsylvania was 17,723, and including the battle of the Wilderness, 33,110.

The movement to the left which was ordered for the nineteenth of May, but which was postponed on account of Ewell's attack, commenced on the 20th. Gen. Hancock with the Second Corps, as usual took the lead. The Fifth Corps followed next, and as soon as the roads were clear for us, the Ninth moved on toward the North Anna river. The Sixth Corps remained in the works and were suddenly attacked, but the movement on the part of the rebels was only to ascertain what force was confronting them.

We marched nearly all night, and as it was rainy and dark the march was a very disagreeable one. We reached Guinea Station on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, about two o'clock on the morning of May 22d. On the 24th we were confronting the enemy on the North Anna river, and the Ninth Corps was ordered to take position on the right of the Second, and seize Oxford, but General Burnside found the enemy so strongly intrenched on the south bank that he did not make the attack. The Seventh Maine Battery was not required to do much here. From the position occupied by us, we had a good view of the enemy's works. An occasional bullet from a sharp-shooter would reach us though the rebel line was well nigh a mile away. While Lieutenant Staples and I were conversing together and standing quite near each other, face

to face, a ball passed between us and struck his horse which an orderly was holding a few steps from us. Staples directed the orderly to move the horse a little farther away, but the animal, after walking a few steps, fell dead. On examination, it was found that a minnie ball had passed through him and was lodged in the hair on the opposite side.

The Fifth and Sixth Corps had considerable fighting on the 24th, somewhat to our right, but near enough for us to hear the Yankee cheers and the rebel yells. These movements developed the fact that General Lee occupied a very strong position and one that could not be carried without great sacrifice of life, if indeed it could be carried at all. It was therefore determined to make another flank movement, and this time Cold Harbor was the objective point. The Union losses at the North Anna, few of which were from our corps, were not far from 2000. The army began its fourth flank movement on the 27th of May. Our corps was directed to cross the Pamunkey river at Hanover Farm, and we crossed about midnight on the 28th, and after us came the trains which did not all cross before the 30th. Wilson's cavalry remained on the north bank until all had crossed. This river is navigable up as far as White House Landing, and when the army reached this point the river was full of vessels bringing supplies of which we had been quite short since leaving the North Anna. For two days, the officers

could buy nothing, but we found some dry corn in a granary by the road side and with this we filled our pockets and ate as we rode along. On one occasion we crossed a field where sweet potatoes had been planted, and it did not take long for our boys to dig up the seed which they devoured raw. One day we halted near a large wheat field. There must have been fifty or more acres, and the grain was just heading out. A division of cavalry turned their horses upon it, and in a very short time, the crop was harvested. I asked an old darkey who was sitting upon the fence watching the operation, how he liked to have his grain harvested in that way? "I don't care," said he, "I shouldn't have had any of it." We passed through a portion of Virginia which had not suffered much from invasion, and the farms and buildings showed but little of the ravages of war. From one place we took more than three hundred bushels of nice corn. This place was owned by a general in Lee's army. We also captured quantities of bacon which the men highly relished with their hard tack.

It was proper for our men to capture stores of corn, bacon and other supplies while passing through an enemy's country, but some of our soldiers were guilty of certain acts of vandalism which it would have been much better to have left undone. The white inhabitants along our route generally abandoned their houses which was a very great mistake. Our soldiers always treated the inhabitants

civilly, and where they remained in their houses, they were not molested. One day as we were passing a house, I noticed that soldiers were going in and out and every one who came out had a book in his hand. I dismounted and went in. It was a fine house, elegantly furnished, and had a very extensive library. The cases were of solid mahogany and the books very expensively bound. The library must have contained four or five thousand volumes of standard works. But the soldiers took them from the shelves, these volumes bound in Turkey or Russian leather, resplendent with gold, and carried them away. It was an act of pure wantonness, for what could soldiers in the field, liable to go into action at any moment, do with costly books? They were soon thrown away and spoiled by exposure. Had the owner's family remained in the house, this costly library would have been preserved.

The boys sometimes called at houses and asked for food: they robbed smoke-houses and hen-roosts, caught live pigs, and sometimes confiscated a tub of butter, but this was only living on the enemy according to usage when in a hostile country. There is no doubt that many of these people regarded the Union soldiers as but little better than savages. At houses where I and others called, great surprise would be manifested at the civil treatment the inmates received at the hands of the Yankee soldiers. The colored people were often

afraid of us at first, having been told that we would surely murder them. At one house where we halted for water, the lady of the house ran from room to room, up stairs and down, screaming at the top of her voice like a maniac. Nothing that we could say seemed to reassure her, and after having drawn a pail of water and quenched our thirst, we went away but she continued to scream as new soldiers came along, until we were out of hearing. The colored people, shy at first, soon became familiar enough, and even here where Yankee soldiers had never before been seen, these people had some idea that in some way, they were mixed up with the contest. They had heard of "Massa Linkum," and believed that the year of jubilee was at hand. One old colored woman, as our column was passing, said to me: "Seems to me you don't do noffin up norf but make white men; I never seen so many men afore in all my life." The troops had been steadily tramping by the place where she lived for more than twenty-four hours, and it is no wonder the poor darky was astonished at the number.

On the 30th of May, the Ninth Corps with sharp skirmishing, formed on the left of the Second Corps, and toward night had crossed the Tolopotomoy river, our right resting on that stream, near the Whitlock House, and its left near Shady Grove church. Our battery was near the left. The Eighteenth Corps which had been with General Butler

at the north of James river, joined the army of the Potomac at Cold Harbor, and participated in the fierce and bloody engagements at that point. Cold Harbor was an important point to the Union army, as it was on the line of our extension to the left, and roads concentrated there from Bethesda church, from Old church, from White House, direct from New Bridge, and either directly or indirectly from all the bridges across the Chickahominy above and below New Bridge. I do not propose to give a statement of the engagements which took place on this line. The army of the Potomac remained here over two weeks and our losses here were very heavy. The battery was engaged here on several occasions, but for a considerable portion of the time, was behind entrenchments and not actively engaged.

June 1st, the battery followed the third division, and all the guns opened upon the rebel line and followed it up until dark. One battery man was killed here, and one wounded who subsequently died of his wounds. On the sixth of June, the battery went into position at the Cross Roads near Cold Harbor where it remained until the twelfth. It occasionally had artillery duels with the enemy, but was well protected, and there were no more casualties.

The wife of Apollos Williams came to Washington while we were in camp there, and by some means, when the battery left Washington, she went with us. Williams was mess cook for the officers,

and after we had got so far from Washington that his wife could not well return, she joined her husband and assisted him in cooking. Williams was from Gorham, N. H. When we reached Cold Harbor, our base of supplies was at White House Landing, and this afforded the first opportunity we had had of sending Mrs. Williams back to Washington. Accordingly on the tenth of June, as the battery was in position and not engaged, we had the ambulance harnessed with Levi D. Jewell as driver, and with Mrs. Williams as passenger, we drove to White House where Mrs. Williams was put on a transport and sent off. This place was General McClellan's base of supplies during the seven days' fight, and it was here that he burned his immense stores when he left for Harrison's Landing on the James. I remained here over night and on my return the next day, I took along with me a few bushels of Chesapeake Bay oysters which I purchased out of a schooner. That evening on arriving at camp, we roasted our oysters by the camp-fire and it was a rich treat. Officers and men joined in the feast, and for the nonce forgot the dangers with which they were surrounded. Appollos Williams was taken sick about the time his wife left, went to the hospital and never rejoined the battery. He was a frail man and never should have been accepted.

On the eleventh of June, an order was issued that there would be no more charging over defences,

but that the seige of Richmond would be commenced from where we then were, and that the city would be advanced upon by regular approaches. On the very next day, there was an engagement all along the line; breastworks were charged and very severe losses sustained by the Union army. The reason for this charge, I never fully understood. But after the repulses or perhaps failures is the better term, of the twelfth, it became evident that another movement to the left was to be made. Whether the movement was to be up the north or on the south side of the James river, we did not know, but the general opinion was that we should cross the James. The Eighteenth Corps was first sent away. The Second Corps pulled out and went away next and then the Fifth. The Ninth Corps moved and crossed the Chickahominy on the fourteenth. On the next day, we crossed the James river at Wilcox Landing, some forty miles below City Point. Towards night, of the sixteenth, we reached the front of Petersburg. On the eighteenth, the battery was engaged with the corps, in driving the enemy across the Norfolk railroad. As we neared the vicinity of Petersburg, there was evidence of sharp fighting by the Eighteenth Corps which had captured several redoubts and driven the enemy back to within a mile and a half of Petersburg into an entrenched line. Reports came to us of the capture of Petersburg and the close siege of Richmond, but we found afterwards that

they were groundless. We remained in the position we had taken on our arrival until the twentieth, constantly throwing shot and shell upon the enemy to prevent him from changing his position.

We then went into position at the Hare House, situated within 300 yards of the enemy's entrenched line, where we remained working our guns for three days. The enemy kept up a constant fusilade, and generally picked off every person who showed himself above the works. On the 23d, our division moved to the left and our battery took a position near the Taylor House. This was a much exposed position, and there was constant musketry firing by the enemy. Our orders here were not to work the guns except in case of an attack by the enemy, or unless the enemy's artillery should open upon us.

We remained in this position many days. The weather was hot and dry, but the nights were cool. We had no rain for nearly forty consecutive days, and the supply of drinking water became a serious question. The brooks were dried up and in low places the little water found was very impure. The Taylor House near which we were stationed had formerly been a hotel, but when we went into position, the buildings had been burned. There was a trotting course here, and the place was the resort of horsemen and others from Petersburg and elsewhere. Near by was a large and well filled ice-house, and when we made our advance, this ice-house was between our lines near where our corps

joined the Fifth. It was a treasure worth contending for, and one day after quite a skirmish, in which we lost several men, we succeeded in bringing it within our picket line. This ice lasted us nearly two weeks, the two corps sharing it alike. A portion of it was taken to the hospitals. So vexed were the Johnies at its loss that they fired upon every one who approached it.

The next morning after the Ninth Corps made its advance, I rode over to the 32d Maine Regiment which was in General Griffin's division. They were just taking their breakfasts and the ground all along the line was thickly strewn with dead, the blue and the gray together; the latter largely predominated. A letter written the night before but unsealed, showed how complete was the surprise. It was from a line officer in a North Carolina regiment to his sister. He said there was a report that the "Yanks" were advancing, but he did not credit it, "and if they are coming," he wrote, "we are ready for them and will surely hurl them back across the James." The writer of this letter was killed in the rifle pit where he had written it, and the successful charge was probably made while he held his pen in his hand. The rifle pit was filled with dead bodies piled one upon another. I found Captain Noyes of Norway and others whom I knew here and then started to return to the battery which was at the right of this place. While crossing a stream which came down from the enemy's line,

the pickets got sight of me and opened upon me. When I was fording the stream the bullets flew about me in a very lively manner, striking in the water quite near and buzzing through the air, but none of them struck me or my horse, and when I reached the bank I was screened from view by the shrubbery that intervened.

After the advance of the Second Corps on our right, I rode over the ground, soon after the charge was made. The 17th Maine and the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery were in this charge and lost very heavily. The Union dead over the ground which I passed, were numerous, though many of them had then been interred—a work which was then going on. One day while we were in position, John Marshall Brown who was lieutenant colonel of the 32d Maine was wounded in our front, and was brought out past us. I had known him well when we attended Dr. True's school at Bethel.

I have said that our position near the Taylor House was a very uncomfortable one. The enemy's picket line was only a short distance off, and the pickets kept up a constant fire. When we first went into this position, an unsuccessful attack had just been made upon a strongly entrenched line, farther towards Petersburg, and the attacking party had been obliged to fall back, leaving their dead and wounded where they had fallen. A truce was asked for to enable us to recover our wounded, but was refused by the rebel authorities, and these poor

fellows remained between the two lines, exposed to the hot sun by day and chilly, damp air at night, until death came to their relief. Curiosity impelled some of our men, notwithstanding the extreme hazard of so doing, to look over the works and the wounded were seen to move their hands and feet for two or three days after they fell. It was a terrible, heart-rending sight, but one which could not be helped. One day as George E. Howe, a private in our battery was sitting down a little too far in the rear of our works to be entirely sheltered, a minnie ball passed over his head so near as to split his cap nearly in two, and cut off some of his hair while the scalp was not injured. One day I was sitting upon the pole of the limber when a ball struck the pole within a foot of me, and chipped out quite a large piece. These incidents attracted but little attention at the time, because there were so many casualties of a serious nature.

The guns of the battery remained in position in front of Petersburg for many days. The famous Burnside mine was sprung on the 30th of July. On that morning at four o'clock, all the artillery along the line was ready to open fire, the explosion of the mine to be the signal. There was an hour's delay, but at five o'clock there was a concussion that made the earth tremble beneath our feet. Then came the artillery fire, such as I had never heard, and never expect to hear again.

Cannon of all sizes belching forth fire and smoke, shot and shell screeching through the air; in five

minutes from the opening, the entire landscape was shrouded in smoke, while the bursting shells produced a lurid appearance, very difficult to describe. While this was going on, the infantry was pouring into the crater, and there was hand-to-hand fighting and a great slaughter on both sides. All this was hidden by the clouds of smoke. The wounded soon began to be brought out and ambulances were loaded for the City Point general hospitals.

Quite early in July, I was taken ill with malarial fever. After remaining in quarters until the day of the mine explosion, I went to City Point and from there to Washington. After remaining there a few days, I had leave of absence for thirty days to go to Maine, which was subsequently extended to forty-five days. The extension of time was given that I might recruit for the battery; and after obtaining what men I wanted, I took them into camp in Portland. I then received orders to report with my men, at Gallop's Island in Boston Harbor. We went to Boston by boat, and in addition to my own squad, there were some two hundred and fifty recruits for different regiments in the field. On board the steamer, we found a man who was peddling whiskey at the rate of fifteen dollars per canteen. We arrested him, confiscated his liquor which was thrown overboard, and on our arrival in Boston, the culprit was summarily punished. After remaining at Gallop's Island three days, I was ordered to assist in taking recruits to City Point. The steamer Northern Light of the California line,

was pressed into the service, and with 900 recruits we steamed away for City Point. The day that we were to sail at night, I went over to Boston, and when I reached the wharf to return, I found that the last steamer for the island, for that day, had gone. Here was a bad fix. The Northern Light was to sail at eight o'clock and it was now six. The wind was blowing a gale and boatmen were very loth to cross over. Finally, after many trials, for the sum of twenty-five dollars, I found a man who would take me to the island in a small boat. We started, but we had not been out for ten minutes when I would have given twice twenty-five dollars to have been back on the wharf in Boston. It was fearfully rough, and we were soon wet to the skin, and the night was unusually cold for the season. But we reached the island and that night we started for the James river. We had 900 recruits on board, and a very hard lot. They were largely deserters, bounty jumpers, and quite a number of rebels who had come to Maine and Massachusetts by the way of Canada and enlisted for the large bounties, then paid. We had a company of Massachusetts Heavy Artillery as guard, and their muskets were kept loaded all the way out. We kept the men below at night with hatches down, and only allowed them to come on deck for an airing for a few hours each day. About nine o'clock each evening, we went below with lanterns to see what was going on. A more villainous

looking set of men, I never saw. This party had more than sixty thousand dollars in money, and much of it changed hands by gambling.

The passage was a rough one and I was sea sick much of the time. In the course of five days we reached Bermuda Hundred where we left our recruits and the steamer, and on a smaller boat went to Washington to report. The character of the men we took out may be judged from the fact that of one hundred sent to the 9th Maine, one-half had deserted within sixty days, and many of them to the enemy. I went to Washington and reported to the War Department. After being there three or four days, I was ordered to proceed to the front and rejoin the battery. This was about the middle of September. The trip down the Potomac by Alexandria and Mount Vernon was a very pleasant one. Reaching City Point, I took the cars on the military railway, and in due time reached the battery which was garrisoning Fort Welch at the extreme left of the army. During my absence, the Weldon railroad had been taken, the battle of Peebles Farm had been fought, and our left was then threatening the South Side railroad, one of the only two roads left to supply the rebel capital, and the army of northern Virginia.

Soon after I reached the front, Captain Twitchell obtained leave of absence for twenty days to visit Washington, and I was left for that time, in command of the battery. We were obliged to be

vigilant, because being on the extreme left flank of the army, we were liable to be attacked. We were now south of Petersburg and so near the South Side road that we could hear the whistles of the engines and see the trains moving to and from Petersburg.

Quite early in November, and while Captain Twitchell was away, came an order for us to move a few miles to the right and occupy Fort Alexander Hayes. We accordingly packed up and moved to the place which we supposed would be our home for the winter. We were much pleased with it. It was situated in a pine forest on a part of the line where the rebel entrenchments could not be seen and not a rebel in sight. We placed our guns in position and commenced to build quarters for the men, but hardly had we begun, when an order came directing us to move still farther to the right and relieve a regular battery of the Second Corps, at a place known on the plans as Fort Sedgwick, but generally called Fort "Hell." We knew this place very well, as we had occupied a position near the right of it. This work was laid out in July by General Roebling of General Warren's staff, and was built by a brigade of Massachusetts belonging to the Fifth Army Corps, under the direction of the late General Wm. S. Tilton, for sometime Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Togus. It was built under fire of the enemy, and was somewhat irregular in its outline. The fort proper mounted four guns. Then there was a battery on each side called

batteries number 21 and 22, each arranged for two guns. The work was on the Jerusalem Plank Road which leads into Petersburg, and from this fort the spires of the churches in that city could plainly be seen. It was an elevated place and from the top of the magazine, more than three miles of the enemy's line and works could be seen. It was so constructed that a tremendous artillery fire could be concentrated upon it, from both flanks and from the front. The building of the fort was commenced on the third day of July, and it was not completed until the time of the mine explosion, on the 30th. It was constructed of logs, earth, sand bags and gabions. There were flankers to protect the men while working the guns. Why this work was named Fort Hell I am by no means sure. One story was that an ambitious officer of the Engineer Corps applied his own name to it, which, coming to the ears of the division commander, brought out an ejaculation which was at once given to the work. It was a rule among the commanders to name all forts after officers who had fallen in action and the real name of the work in question was Fort Sedgwick, named so in honor of the brave commander of the Sixth Corps, who was shot dead at Spotsylvania court house. But the place might appropriately have borne the other name assigned it, without seeking for any other reason than the fact that it was so situated that the rebels could concentrate a fire upon it, which they did not scruple to

do upon the slightest occasion, and sometimes for no apparent reason at all. The change from Fort Alexander Hayes was made as ordered, in the night time, either the last day of November or first day of December, 1864. The approach to the fort was by a covert or hidden way which was a trench or ditch sufficiently broad for the gun carriages to pass through and so deep that on entering the horses ears could not be seen above the surface. It was also a winding way, with frequent angles as sharp as possible and allow the horses and guns attached, to pass up to the fort. This covert way as well as the reports of the officers of the regular battery relieved, gave the boys of the Seventh Maine to understand something of the nature of the position and of the duties which lay before them.

The camp of the battery was located about three miles in rear of the fort and near the headquarters of the corps. Quarters were here put up for the horses, and a certain number of men were kept here to care for them. Captain Twitchell and Lieutenants Bundy and Thorpe also had quarters and spent most of the winter here while Lieutenant Staples and I remained during the entire winter at the fort, with the guns. Captain Twitchell occasionally rode up to the fort to see how matters were going on, but did not remain long and lodged every night at the camp.

In addition to the six guns of our battery, we had one section of the Third New Jersey Battery,

under command of a Prussian Lieutenant, Carl Machewsky, making eight pieces in all, and as I was the ranking officer, the immediate command of the artillery in the fort devolved upon me. The first step on moving in, was the erection of suitable winter quarters for officers and men. The infantry was quartered along in our rear, but of the fort itself, the artillery men belonging to the two batteries before named, were the sole occupants. As the fort was in an exposed position and the rebels had its range so completely that they could drop in their sixty-four pound mortar shells at will, it was necessary to construct bomb proofs for the protection of the officers and men at night and when off duty.

The country in the rear of the fort when first occupied by our troops, was covered by a heavy growth of pine timber, and much of this was standing when the Seventh Maine Battery took its position in the fort. The men, most of whom were familiar with the use of the axe, having become familiar with it in the forests of Maine, at once fell to work cutting timber and bringing it into the fort. The officers' quarters were constructed in the centre. An excavation was first made about fifteen feet square and three feet deep. Timber about a foot in diameter, square at the ends and eight feet long, were then set close together around and in the excavation save only a place for a door. Timbers of the same thickness were then cut of the required

length, and laid across the upright timbers for a covering. Earth was then piled around and upon the whole to the depth of nearly ten feet, bags or gabions of sand being placed on each side, and upon the top at the rear, to keep the sand in place. A chimney was built at the rear side or on the side not exposed to the enemy's fire, and on this side also was a glass window taken from some rebel house, and a door. A descent of three steps took one into the interior where there was a room about twelve feet square and eight feet high, with fire-place, door and window on one side, the other three being timber backed with earth.

The magazine was connected with the quarters as a sort of L with entrance from the outside, and protected in the same way. The quarters of the men were similarly made only they were not as large and were called by them "gopher holes."

In this fort the winter of 1864-5 was spent and a portion of the spring, until the battle of Five Forks on our left was fought, and the battery broke through and pursued the fleeing rebels into Petersburg. And that entire four months was a period of constant watchfulness and anxiety. The position was regarded as an important one, and constant vigilance was urged upon us by the corps commander. Our orders were, and they were strictly complied with, to have one detachment of men constantly at the guns by night, to have two men with a light in the magazine, and a guard in our

own quarters to awaken us at a moment's notice, and the officers to sleep in their uniform. There was probably no time during the winter when we could not have opened upon the enemy with artillery at half a minute's notice. Our fort was within four hundred yards of the enemy's main line, and within one hundred yards of his entrenched picket line, and deserters who almost daily came in had some story to tell of preparations being made to mine us and blow us up, which from our position, could have been done. These rumors kept us on the *qui vive*, and deep wells were sunk in the ditch outside the fort, and the depth of the water therein constantly noted, as we knew that if mines were being sunk, the water was liable to be suddenly drawn off.

From their picket line, the Johnies fired upon us every night, beginning with twilight and ending at break of day. At all times of night when awake we could hear their musketry and the zipping of the bullets passing over our heads. So accustomed did we become to these sounds that they were conducive to sleep, and a cessation for a few moments would awaken us from the deepest repose. The reason why they kept up their picket firing by night has been variously explained. Deserters said it was to prevent desertions to our side, but if this were the true reason, many took the risk, for desertions were of nightly occurrence.

A battery of sixty-four pounder mortars was situated a little to our right and they had practiced

on us so much that they had our range completely. Almost every day more or less of these shells were dropped into the fort. These monsters could be heard at some distance when approaching, and after the report of the discharge the boys would listen for the shell and the moment they heard it they ran for cover, unless they could see it and made up their minds that it would not come near them. If they burst a few feet above the ground, their fragments would be thrown in every direction and woe to the unlucky soldier who stood in their way; but if they buried themselves in the earth before exploding they generally did but little damage except to throw dirt. Several times during the winter our quarters were struck, and each shell would throw out a ton or more of earth, but none penetrated to do any harm. It was indeed bomb-proof. Sometimes these shells would explode among the infantry in our rear and I have known terrible havoc to be made by a single shell. One day I was on the top of our quarters when a shell passed over to the rear and I instantly saw fragments of bedding, furniture and cooking utensils, coming up through the top of an officer's quarters which the shell had unceremoniously entered.

The rebels would occasionally open on us with field artillery from their earth works in our front, but our works were so high and thick that they could do us but little harm. As nothing could be gained by these artillery duels and a waste of ammunition was

about the only result, our orders from the chief of artillery were not to open on the enemy unless the enemy first opened on us, and never to fire a gun unless in our next morning's report we could give a good and sufficient reason for so doing. The commander of the infantry that garrisoned the fort, it being the same officer who had charge of excavating the famous Burnside mine the summer before, a few days after we got settled sent me a note requesting me to visit him at his quarters. At the interview which followed he asked me why I did not occasionally open on the enemy's works in front? He said he felt himself responsible for the safety of that part of the line, and thought I ought to practice some and get the range and distance of their main line, so as to be able to assist in defending the fort if attacked. I told him that I received my orders direct from the chief of artillery at corps headquarters, and gave him in detail my instructions. This did not seem to satisfy him and he insisted that as the ranking officer, the artillery in the fort should be subject to his orders. Of course I did not concede the point, but I told him if he would give me a written order so that I could have something to fall back upon, I would obey it. He said he would not give it to me that day, but would think it over and probably give me such an order as would protect me on some other occasion.

A few days afterwards the adjutant of the regiment waited on me with a written order from his

colonel, for me to open upon the enemy's works with the eight guns under my charge. Preparations were soon made, and we opened with solid shot and shell upon the astonished rebels. They immediately replied to our fire with gun and mortar, and a sharp duel continued for several minutes. The colonel made his appearance in the fort, and the reason for his singular order was apparent. He was intoxicated and could hardly manage to keep upon his feet. As he came along by the officers' quarters, a sixty-four pounder mortar shell came down near him and broke through the frozen earth with which they were covered, and exploded. Many fragments of frozen earth were thrown into the air, one of which, weighing several pounds, struck the tipsy colonel and felled him to the earth like a bullock knocked down for slaughter. He lay quivering for several seconds, when he was taken up and carried to his quarters. After coming to himself he sent word to me, suggesting that I had done enough for the present. The result was that three or four of his men who had come in to see the sport, were killed, several wounded by an explosion of mortar shells, and so far as we ever knew, the enemy received no damage from our guns. A report was made out in accordance with the facts and with the colonel's order, and sent to headquarters; and we were annoyed no more during the winter by suggestions from infantry officers, that we "ought to open on the enemy's

works." This colonel who commanded a Pennsylvania regiment was a brave and capable officer, but like too many others, he indulged too freely in drink, and like other infantry commanders too, he thought he had a right to order the light artillery, a right which artillery officers would never concede. They would take orders only from general officers or those acting as such, and from ranking officers in their own arm of the service. The colonel to whom I have just referred has long since been dead.

Fort Hell was a spot well known all along the army line, and visitors to the army of the Potomac did not like to return without carrying away some memento from this famous place. I have already said that it was a very commanding position and from the top of our central bomb-proof when completed, the rebel lines could be seen for several miles; also in a clear day, as stated before, the spires of the churches in Petersburg were plainly in view. The consequence was that we had many visitors, though people as a general thing did not care to remain long after the rebels commenced shelling us. They did not often open on us on the Sabbath, and we generally had more company that day than any other. I remember one Sunday morning after a severe rain which had converted the Virginia clay in our fort into mortar, a large party came in and asked permission to go upon the bomb-proof. Among them was a farmer from the interior of Pennsylvania who was nearly six feet

and a half tall, and wore a tall, stove-pipe hat which made him look like a giant. I climbed upon the quarters with them and they were much pleased with the objects that I pointed out. But happening to cast my eye across to the rebel fort in our front I saw the end of a sponge staff appear above the parapet and then disappear, and I knew pretty well that they were charging a gun. In less than half a minute a rifled gun was discharged, and a shell passed over the bomb-proof, only a few feet above our heads and exploded a little distance in our rear. The effect on our visitors was most remarkable. They leaped down the side of the earthwork and rolled, slid or tumbled into the mud below. The Pennsylvanian lost his balance and came down head first, and got up and walked away with a "shocking bad hat." One shot more was fired, and then we could hear the derisive laughter of the rebels across the way, who had enjoyed the sport no less than the boys of the Seventh Maine Battery.

The jokes, however, were not always played by the rebels. One day as I was looking across the enemy's line into an open field, I saw a large party coming out of a forest beyond, each man having a log of wood upon his back. There were probably a hundred or more of them. Calling one of the sergeants, I pointed out the party to him and directed him to drop a shell as near them as he could and not hurt them. He complied, and the

twelve-pound bomb passed over the heads of the party and exploded beyond; and such a fall in firewood has rarely been known. Each man threw down his log and ran for cover into the fort, and our boys set up a shout which must have reached the ears for which it was intended, for the wood party was less than half a mile away. Our fort was so near the rebel picket line that conversation could quite easily be carried on between our boys and the Johnnies. They were not allowed to do this as a rule, but sometimes the rule was violated. One day I recollect of hearing a rebel picket ask one of our boys what battery he belonged to, and he promptly replied, "the 107th Maine." The Johnny said he did not suppose Maine furnished so many organizations, and, said he, "You must have every man out." This same joke was played by other regiments until it became very stale.

One morning as we were busy about our routine duty, I noticed a stranger looking over the works, and as this was of itself a suspicious circumstance, I decided to keep my eye on him. He was short in stature, had a dark complexion, black mustache, and seemed like a foreigner. He went round and appeared to be inspecting everything, and I was on the point of asking him his business when the Johnnies rendered it unnecessary by sending over a salutation in the shape of a sixty-four pound mortar shell which exploded in the fort. This was speedily followed by another, and our visitor was

glad to cease his inspection and seek shelter in our bomb-proof. He spent the greater part of the day with us as the bombardment was kept up, rendering it unsafe to leave the works, a large number of shells exploding in the rear. We found him social and full of anecdote, and enjoyed his stay very much. We found that he was no stranger, though we had never before met him face to face. He was Thomas Nast, the inimitable caricaturist of *Harper's Weekly*, and was then out on a professional tour and filling his portfolio with sketches of scenes along the army line.

One of the red letter days of the winter was the one upon which commissioners came through the lines to meet Secretary Seward and others, at Hampton Roads, to attempt a negotiation for a cessation of hostilities. By common consent, a truce was declared all along the line and between the picket lines, the blue and the gray mingled in friendly intercourse. Wood was getting scarce in our vicinity, and there were several large trees growing on the neutral ground between the two lines, which neither side had been able to secure. On this day delegations went out from each side, cut down the trees and divided the fuel between them, each carrying its portion to its respective quarters. The "Yanks" exchanged hard-tack and other rations with the hungry "Johnnies" receiving tobacco in return, and there was a general swapping of knives and trinkets. We found that

the rebel ration at that time consisted of three-fourths of a pound of corn meal and a fourth of a pound of very lean beef per day, with nothing but water to drink. Many of our boys divided their coffee rations with the rebs on that day, which to them was a great luxury. But towards night we learned through the rebels that negotiations had failed and the word came "Down Yanks, we've got to shoot," and at twilight picket firing was resumed as usual.

Occasionally during the first part of the winter, there was an interchange of newspapers by officers in charge of pickets, though this was a breach of military discipline and against orders. But such orders were not always rigidly enforced, and general officers were often glad enough to peruse the papers obtained in this clandestine way. It was while between the picket lines to obtain a paper that the rebel General Roger A. Pryor was made a prisoner and marched to headquarters. I did not regard his capture as exactly honorable as he had been encouraged to do so by the action of our own officers. General officers frequently came into the fort during the winter to take a look at the formidable works of the enemy in our front. On one occasion General Grant and his staff, General Meade and staff, and General Parke, commander of the Ninth Corps, all came in together. General Hunt, chief of artillery of the army of the Potomac was a frequent visitor. Such visits though formal, were always agreeable, serving as they did to break the

monotony and relieve the tedium of camp life. For even the bombarding of the rebels by day and their picket firing by night became monotonous after a while.

During the day, when off duty, the boys amused themselves in various ways. Card-playing occupied much of the time, but the Seventh Maine boys never gambled. Lieutenant Staples, Lieutenant Machewsky of the New Jersey Battery and I, occupied the bomb-proof quarters adjoining the magazine, each of us having a bunk to sleep upon. One of us was on duty all the time. Machewsky was a Prussian by birth, a thorough soldier, and brave as his countrymen generally are. We could not mess together for Machewsky must have his dessicated potatoes, beef steak and almost everything else cooked in vinegar, but we lived in the greatest harmony. Some of the boys occupied their time in making rings and other ornaments from the gilt metal of which the rebel fuses were made. A section of the fuse was filed off and then by means of a file and other simple tools, it was wrought into a ring and oftentimes quite artistically done. One of the boys sent a ring thus made to a lady friend in Maine and received a poetical answer which we venture to reproduce here.

"I'm afraid that not for many
Are matches 'made in heaven,' as we've heard tell;
But fewer still it seems to me, if any,
Receive a letter and a ring from hell!

"Though to be serious, I do not flatter
Myself upon the mission of the ring;
Your love for me is quite another matter,
And far from thoughts of match or marrying.

"Yet with no sort of doubting, there are legions
Of pretty women versed in Cupid's lore,
Who would (and wisely) tempt the lower regions
To win as true and brave a heart as yours.

"And if I were to choose, or if it mattered,
What I might choose, I scruple not to tell;
I'd much prefer to know your heart were shattered
By a girl's smile, than by a rebel shell.

"Farewell! Heaven keep you safe and free from trouble,
And prove what I have always known full well:
A brave, true heart, a purpose pure and noble,
May live unscathed, e'en mid the fires of hell!"

Some of the boys spent considerable time in writing to their friends, and if all the letters written from this fort during this memorable four months could be produced, they would not only give a graphic account of the siege, but would be a scathing criticism on the conduct of the war, for almost every private soldier felt that he knew just how the war should be conducted to ensure success. A letter before me dated "In the Fort," February 9, 1865, says: "We had quite a severe engagement on our left about ten miles from here recently. The action was commenced by the Second Corps which advanced against the South Side railway. Our troops were successful on that day driving the rebels some distance and capturing a number of prisoners. That night it snowed and the next day

changed to rain and sleet. On this day the rebels attacked a division of the Fifth Corps which was out of ammunition, causing it to retreat in confusion, and the whole corps fell back through the woods three miles. Our loss in prisoners was quite heavy. Here the matter rested for the night, and an awful night it was for the wounded, the cold rain and hail continuing through the entire night. Our troops attacked the rebels at day light and driving them back re-established their lines. We have recently captured a rebel fort from which we can shell the trains on the South Side railway."

Another letter dated February 25th, says: "Last night we received marching orders and were up all night, but a heavy rain prevented the intended expedition whatever it was. For the winter our part has been to prevent Lee from sending troops against Sherman; soon it will be ours to advance and assist in completing the line of bristling bayonets which is closing in around the doomed rebel army." These extracts are given merely to show how freely the common soldier commented on the war and the prospects ahead. Another letter dated the same has the following: "A few days ago, I saw a little mouse skipping around in the corner of my quarters and I felt as proud as Diogenes did when he found one in his tub. It really seemed like civilized life. But since then they have come in great numbers and are a nuisance. They gnaw our clothes, eat our candles and actually run over our faces when we are asleep and awaken us." * *

* * "I have just been out to examine the rebel picket line. The poor fellows are only half clad and are suffering severely. Hardly any of them have overcoats and walk around with blankets over their shoulders. This weather must be fearful for the soldiers in our front whose home is in the sunny South. Yesterday morning, an old fellow seventy years of age with hair as white as snow, deserted and came over to us. He said all he asked was a shelter to protect him from the pitiless storm. He was pressed into a service for which he had no love and in which he had no faith."

I will close these extracts from letters by giving a few sentences from one dated January 26th. "We were quite startled Monday night by hearing heavy firing on our right. The night was dark and rainy, and all was quiet on our front except the usual picket firing, when all of a sudden there commenced a most terrific roar of artillery. We were all on the *qui vive* in a moment, but found the firing so far away that after we saw the flash lighting up the inky blackness, it was seventy-two seconds before we heard the report. It seems that four or five rebel rams, taking advantage of the rise in the river and the darkness, had made their way down to our lines, thinking, doubtless, that our fleet was at Wilmington. Their object was to destroy our base of supplies at City Point. But they were disappointed. One of them ran aground, two were destroyed and two succeeded in getting back very

much damaged." * * * * "The storm has cleared away and the air is now delightful. I was never in a place where the weather was so fickle; to-day cold and stormy, next day cold and windy, and the next warm and springlike. We are now repairing the damage done to our works by the storm. I have a detail of fifty infantry at work besides our own men." * * * "One hundred and ten deserters came over to us Monday night. They come over, more or less of them, nearly every night, and they tell the same story of suffering from cold and hunger. They say the rebellion is about played out." Some slight changes were made in the disposition of the guns early in January, but they were only temporary.

Slowly passed away the winter months. With artillery firing by day and picket shooting at night, it was almost like a continuous engagement, and few who had a part in it will soon forget this long period of watchfulness. The minor events of the war, as previously stated, have faded from the memory, but the four months' watch in Fort Sedgwick will never be forgotten. The strain upon the nervous system by so much care and responsibility, the exercise of such constant vigilance and the lack of a proper amount of rest and sleep, left their impress indelibly stamped upon officers and men. But time passed, and the bloody drama was drawing toward a close. Firmly intrenched on the south of the James, from that river to near Hatcher's

Run, threatening the South Side railway, the only communication but one between Lee's army and his source of supplies, it was apparent to every one that the sanguinary conflict which had lasted four years was nearing a close. Gen. Lee foresaw as clearly as any one the speedy downfall of the Confederacy, unless it could be averted by a concentration of his forces and a telling blow upon some of the armies that encircled him. Looking the ground over he decided to make an attack upon a point in our lines in front of Petersburg, hoping thereby to force our army back to City Point.

The confederates had great hopes of the success of this movement, as I was afterwards informed by Rev. Nathaniel Head, a very intelligent Methodist clergyman and Presiding Elder of the Richmond District, whom I met while we were following Lee's retreating army, at Nottoway court house. The time was even set when our army in front of Petersburg was to be cut in twain and the southern half driven back pell mell upon the other in the direction of City Point. The same authority informed me that when the attack had been made and had failed, his hopes of success and that of many others, entirely died out. The point selected for the attack was Fort Steadman, at some distance to the right of Fort Hell. All the available troops of General Lee's army were massed in front of the fort during the night, and an attack was made on the morning of the 25th of March. So far as being a complete

surprise, the attack was a marked success. Gordon's men charged at daybreak and soon passed over the narrow space between the lines and rushed into Fort Steadman, which was garrisoned by the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery. The garrison was taken wholly by surprise and made but a feeble resistance. The guns were captured without a struggle and immediately drawn out at the rear and turned on the adjacent forts.

The news spread along the line like wildfire, and for a time every thing was in confusion. A German officer whose name I cannot recall but who was an inspector on the staff of General Tidball, chief of artillery of the Ninth Army Corps, hearing the firing mounted his horse and rode to the front. In the darkness he could not understand the situation and soon found himself a prisoner. He cheated his captors, however, and soon escaped minus horse and watch. After the capture of Steadman, the rebels marched on to Fort Haskell and attacked it in the rear. But on our side order soon began to come out of chaos. The guns in Fort Sedgwick were taken out at the rear, the whole company being at the front, and under command of Captain Twitchell they were turned on the rebel column that was attacking our neighbor. Meanwhile the gallant General Hartranft in command of a division reached the scene, and though his men were mostly raw recruits, they behaved like veterans. The rebel attacking party, finding themselves unsup-

ported by the 20,000 men Lee had massed in our front, and being sharply attacked by Hartranft's infantry, and at the same time exposed to a raking fire of shot and shell from the guns along the line, preferred to surrender rather than retreat through the terrible storm of iron hail. Two thousand surrendered and as many more were killed or disabled by wounds. This was the last offensive movement of Lee's army, and General Meade, taking advantage of their confusion, attacked their intrenched picket line a little to our right and held it.

After the Fort Steadman affair, which gave the boys of the Seventh Maine Battery about as much excitement for a few hours as they cared to have, events, which in two weeks culminated in the surrender of the rebel army of northern Virginia, followed each other in rapid succession. General Grant issued an order for another left flank movement to be made on the twenty-ninth. The Second, Sixth and Fifth Corps were withdrawn, and the Ninth Corps, with a division of the Eighteenth, was stretched out to man the works and hold the line formerly occupied by the four corps. The flank movement was made by the three corps withdrawn, assisted by Sheridan's Cavalry. The battle of Five Forks was fought soon after, and the rebel line hopelessly broken. On the morning of the 2d of April, an order was given for an attack on the rebel works in our front, and the attack was made at day-break. Our line was thin, but that

of the rebels much more so. Their outer line of works was speedily captured, and the guns of the 7th Maine and 3d New Jersey were transferred to the rebel forts which had so long menaced us in front. Lieutenant Staples and his detachment were the first artillery men to occupy the rebel forts. Lee's army still held Petersburg, and Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps was ordered to make a charge with the view of retaking some of the works just captured by our corps. The attack was sharply made but successfully repulsed. General A. P. Hill, one of the ablest of Lee's generals, being shot dead in an attempt to rally his men. This was the last fighting in which the Seventh Maine Battery took part. That night Petersburg was evacuated, and so quietly that our pickets, who were within a stone's throw of the abandoned lines, knew not that the enemy was moving until the next morning when they were gone.

The Ninth Corps then proceeded in the wake of those which had preceded it, through Petersburg, Sutherlands, Nottoway court house, Burkesville Junction, Rice's Station and High Bridge to Farmville, where we arrived on the day of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox court house, about twenty miles beyond. Straggling soldiers in gray were constantly being passed all along the line of our march; small arms, cannon and camp equipage were strewed along the roadside. While at Farmville I was detached to take charge of a hundred

men to pick up the rebel artillery, and we landed at the railway station, near High Bridge, more than a hundred guns of different sizes, from the old-fashioned six-pounder to the elaborate and costly Armstrong gun, *manufactured only for the English government*. Some of the complicated fuses belonging to these guns I still have in my possession, and keep them as mementoes of British neutrality in our great struggle for national existence. While at Farmville we heard of the murder of the President. The first report we received was that Washington was in flames and the President and all the members of his cabinet assassinated.

The rebel army of Northern Virginia having surrendered, the Ninth Corps with others was ordered to City Point. Rejoicing at the termination of the great rebellion, but sorrowing at the loss of the nation's chief magistrate, the members of the Seventh Maine Battery took up the line of march from Farmville to City Point, thence by steamer to Washington. After remaining at the National Capitol a few days, the battery was ordered to Augusta, and on its arrival was mustered out of the United States service, June 21, 1865. While at Washington we took part in the grand review of the army of the Potomac, ours being the only Maine Battery accorded that privilege.

Of the history of Fort Sedgwick between the time of its erection and our occupancy, I know but little, only I know that it had the reputation of

being about the hottest place along the line. General Chamberlain received one of his wounds either within the fort or in its immediate vicinity, and many were either killed or wounded at this point during the summer and autumn of 1864. During our occupancy we did not lose a man killed, and so far as I remember only one was wounded and he not severely. This was Alpheus Fuller of Woodstock, who was wounded in his foot by a fragment of shell. But during the same time many infantry soldiers were either killed or wounded, mostly in our rear, but some in the fort itself where they had come when the cannonading was going on. In the last assault upon the rebel lines, the first of April, 1865, General Potter, commanding a division of the Ninth Corps, was wounded through the body while in Fort Sedgwick, and was taken into our quarters and laid upon one of our bunks until he could be removed to the hospital at City Point. In Greely's American conflict, and in fact, in all the histories of the Rebellion, Fort Sedgwick alias Fort Hell, is spoken of as an exposed situation where skirmishing or fighting was going on much of the time.

In the pursuit of Lee's retreating army, there were a few little episodes that may be worth mentioning. The battery camped at Nottoway court house, and after we had put up our tents a gentleman who lived near by called on us and asked that an officer of the battery come and spend the night

with him. He thought a commissioned officer might protect him from predatory visits by the soldiers. I volunteered to go, and spent a very pleasant evening with him. He was Rev. Nathaniel Head, a Methodist clergyman, and presiding elder of the Richmond District. He told me that he was fully committed to and in sympathy with secession, and had done everything in his power to keep up an interest in his district. He said the people of Virginia had the utmost confidence in the ultimate success of secession until General Grant crossed the James river and began to threaten their communication with the South. At the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, they were told that the Union army had been beaten, and still that army kept on until it crossed the James river and entrenched itself there.

This discouraged them, but when the attack was about to be made on Fort Stedman, they were promised that the Union army would surely be hurled back to City Point, and communication with the South made sure. This movement proved an utter failure, and from that time Mr. Head said they had been waiting for the end. Just as the war broke out, Mr. Head had written a denominational work the copy for which he had sent to the Harpers for publication. The book had been published Mr. Head said, and he had seen a notice of it, but had never seen the book. That night at the evening devotions, Mr. Head prayed for both

armies and both governments, for notwithstanding the discouraging outlook, I could not fail to see that my entertainer had still a little hope that Lee's army would escape, and that the confederacy would gain a new lease of life. When the battery returned after the surrender I again spent a night with Mr. Head, but this night he only prayed for the Union army and the Federal Government. He had abandoned all hope. He was quite aged, over seventy, and a man of culture and ability. I have never heard from him since. His wife had died during the war, and his daughter kept his house. I have no doubt that he has long since passed to his reward. I have since examined a copy of his book and it was ably written.

As we were marching one day toward Farmville, I saw a piece of paper blown before the wind which lodged against the fence by the roadside. I dismounted and picked it up. It proved to be an inventory of goods belonging to an estate of which James Madison was trustee and was made out and signed in his well known hand writing. I still preserve the paper. A house situated at some little distance from the main road, had been entered and robbed by stragglers from our army, and it was here doubtless that the paper had been let loose.

I did not return to Maine with the battery. In February I received an appointment from President Lincoln as quartermaster with the rank of captain.

I did not accept the appointment until Lee's and Johnson's armies had surrendered, and the war had come to an end. After the battery left, I reported at the quartermaster-general's office and was directed to wait in Washington for further orders. The battery meantime reached Augusta, and was soon after mustered out. The battery, on the whole, had been fortunate. None of the officers and few of the privates had been hurt; many died of disease, but the narrow escapes from severe or fatal injury were numerous, and a detailed account of them would make a long story. The immense earth works at Fort Hell, have in great part been levelled to the ground, but the site of the fort is still pointed out to the visitor, and a few years ago when Dea. Edward Nason of Augusta was there, he cut a young apple tree which had sprung up in our quarters, and brought it home and presented it to me. It is large enough for a walking stick and is highly prized.

Concerning the personnel of the Seventh Maine Battery, I have spoken but briefly and in general terms, and I shall content myself with a few brief notes on individual members. In general terms, the battery was made up of a fine class of men and as a general thing of men below middle life or age. There were a few exceptions to this, as would be expected in a company comprising about a hundred and fifty men. Captain Adelbert B. Twitchell was the son of Alphin Twitchell of Bethel, and had

had every advantage that a young man could have for qualifying himself for usefulness in life. He fitted for college under the instruction of Dr. Nathaniel T. True and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1860. He taught in Newark, N. J., until after the war broke out when he enlisted and for a short time was quartermaster sergeant in the 5th Maine Regiment. He then served as second and first lieutenant in the Fifth Maine Battery and had an excellent record. From that battery he came to the captaincy of the Seventh Maine Battery. After the war, he settled in Newark, N. J., and engaged in the lumber business. He married there and has a family. He is an elder in the Presbyterian church and has been connected with the management of the public schools. He has met with the members of the battery only once since the war.

First Lieutenant Lorren E. Bundy came from Columbia, Coos county, N. H. Of his parentage and early life, I know but little. From his own talk it would appear that his means for obtaining an education were limited, and that he did not, to the fullest extent, avail himself of those he had. He spent his early life with stage and stable men, and was a very good judge of horses. He enlisted with the Fifth Maine Battery and for efficiency was promoted along to first sergeant. From that position, he came to our battery. After the war he married and settled in Newark, New Jersey, where he died suddenly in the spring of 1891, and his

remains were brought for burial to his old home at Columbia, N. H.

Lieutenant Daniel Staples was born in Franklin county, but came to us from the Penobscot where he had been long employed as a surveyor of lumber. He had served two years in the 2nd Maine Regiment, and had an excellent record. He was the only married man among the commissioned officers. He was not an ideal soldier. He was slack in taking care of himself, cared nothing for dress or show, but he was whole-hearted, conscientious, upright and brave. He never shrank from any duty however disagreeable or dangerous, and was always genial and pleasant. No officer was more popular with the men than he. After the war, he settled in Dexter where he was in trade, but did not succeed, and was then night watchman for the Dexter Woolen Mills. Here he died, and his was the first death among the commissioned officers of the battery, and the only one until Bundy's death. He belonged to the battery association and generally attended its meetings.

Lieutenant Frank Thorpe came to us from Boothbay where his father's family then lived. He attended school at Brunswick and fitted for college, but did not go through. He served as second lieutenant in the 28th Maine Volunteers. He mastered the artillery tactics in a very short time, and became a very efficient officer. He was somewhat strict with the men at times, and by this

means made some enemies, but he was courageous and faithfully performed every duty. After the war, he entered the regular army as second lieutenant of artillery and is now captain in the 5th Regiment and stationed in California.

First Sergeant Osborne J. Pierce came to us from Clinton. He was a good officer and was appointed second lieutenant but not commissioned on account of the close of the war. He had a romantic correspondence with a Bethel girl named Twitchell, a distant relative of the captain's, during the war, and subsequently married her and settled in Chicago. He was an artist and is doing business in that line at his place of residence.

Quartermaster Sergeant Albert S. Twitchell, was of Bethel, and this was his first service. He had been educated at Bethel Academy, and was a distant relative of Captain Twitchell. His constitution was not strong and after the battery went to the front, his health soon failed, and he spent a considerable part of his term of enlistment in the hospital, in which, for a time, he was on detached service. His position made him for the most part a non-combatant. After the war, he studied law and has since been in practice in Gorham, N. H. He has filled the position of railroad commissioner in New Hampshire and on one occasion polled the vote of the delegation from Coos county as candidate for governor. He has been very conspicuous in Grand Army circles and veteran organizations,

and has served more or less on the governor's staff. He is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, of good ability, a good writer and somewhat given to rhyming.

Sergeant George A. McLellan should receive honorable mention in this connection. He hailed from Worcester, Massachusetts, but enlisted on the quota of Alfred. He was promoted to sergeant from the ranks, for efficiency in the performance of every duty as well as for conspicuous bravery. He was a model soldier, always cool and collected in action, social and genial in camp and with no bad habits. After the war he became an engine driver on the European and North American Railway and was killed by falling under his engine as it was thrown from the track.

Sergeant John E. Willis was a native of Bethel, son of Adam Willis, but came to us from Gorham, N. H. He had served as second lieutenant in a New Hampshire regiment. He was a married man of excellent character and was a good soldier. After the war, he served as deputy sheriff and was killed while attempting to board a train while it was in motion.

Sergeant Howard Gould was the son of Edward Gould of Portland and was only nineteen years of age. He was afterward made quarter-sergeant. He was efficient and faithful, and after the war and since that time until recently has been connected with the First National Bank of Portland. He has been married since the war.

Sergeant William H. Jones was with us only a short time, being among the first to succumb to and die from disease. He was a young man of fine mind and principles, a writer of considerable merit and deservedly popular with the company. He died at Washington April 1, 1864.

Sergeant John C. Quinby came to us from Abbot. He had served as lieutenant and captain in the 2d Maine Infantry. He was a very efficient officer and remained with the battery to the close of the war. After the war, he was city marshal of Lewiston and then went West.

Sergeant Augustus Bradbury was of Fairfield and still resides there. He was a quiet man, of excellent habits and faithful in the discharge of every duty.

Sergeant Augustus M. Carter from Bethel, was promoted from corporal. He was the son of Hon. Elias M. Carter and grandson of Dr. Timothy Carter, an early physician there. He was a good soldier and since the war, has been a good citizen. He engages in farming, lumbering and in civil engineering. He married Miss Stanley after the war.

Delphinus P. Bicknell of Poland was promoted sergeant for conspicuous bravery, and was well deserving of it. He enjoyed being in a fight and could not have too much of it, though in the battery he was peaceable and quiet, and much liked by officers and men. Since the war he has been

employed by the Grand Trunk Railroad and has had charge of their fencing so far as their road traverses this State.

Alfred H. and Luther Briggs, brothers, came from Woodstock. Both had served in the Tenth Maine. They both served as corporals, but the former was reduced to make a place for the latter. They were good soldiers. After the war, Luther became a railroad man and was killed at Indianapolis; Alfred H. married and resides at Mechanic Falls.

Corporal Joseph T. Merrill was of Portland, and I never knew anything of his family. He was a good soldier. A few years ago, while firing at a celebration in Portland, he was severely hurt.

Corporal Lennan F. Jones was a brother of Sergeant Jones. He is small in stature but very lively, and could make things decidedly lively when he chose. He performed his duties well in the service, and when I visited Andover a few years ago where he has since lived upon a farm, I learned that his fighting days were not over when he left the army. He has made a success of raising Jersey stock.

Corporal Augustus P. Grindell was from Penobscot town and Penobscot Bay. His father has been a prominent man in Hancock county, and the son has served in the legislature. He was a quiet man, a faithful soldier, and has been a good citizen since.

Corporal Ferdinand A. Smith was from Portland, and of his family I know nothing. His service

was creditable, and since the war I have not known him.

Corporal Harvey B. Simmons I remember very well as a good soldier and a good fellow, but I did not see him after the war, and have known nothing of his family. He was from the town of Union, and died several years ago.

Corporal Finson R. McKeen I can vouch for as a good soldier, but of his history and family I know nothing.

Corporal Albert Towle of Kenduskeag died in 1889. He was a reliable man every way, and took a deep interest in the battery organization.

Corporal Charles Lapham was too independent to suit the captain, and was reduced to the ranks which in no way troubled him. He was a reliable man and soldier, of good habits which he stood by to the end. He had served in the 10th Maine.

Herbert E. Hale of Norridgewock was promoted corporal for faithful services in every position in which he had been placed. He has not changed his residence since the war.

Levi D. Jewell, son of Jonathan Jewell of Woodstock had creditable service in the Tenth Maine. He was quiet and reticent, but a brave and willing soldier. After the war, he died from the effects of injuries received while unloading freight from the cars of the Grand Trunk Railroad, at Gorham, N. H.

Orrin R. Legrow of Windham was promoted corporal for faithful and efficient service in the

battery. He married and settled in Portland after the war, where he engaged in the lumber trade. He died in 1889.

Aurestus S. Perham, son of ex-Governor Perham, served in the 23rd Maine. He came to the battery as a recruit in the autumn of 1864. He was for a time in Fort Sedgwick, but February 11, was promoted to sergeant major of the regiment and went to Washington.

Sewall A Stillings, blacksmith, was of Gorham, N. H. He was a good workman but fond of his cups. When the battery left Augusta, he remained behind and was taken up as a deserter. The fact is, when the battery moved, he was drunk in a saloon on Water street, and when an officer entered to arrest him, he jumped from a back window and fell nearly twenty feet. He broke his leg, and it was several months before he joined us.

Algernon S. Chapman, son of George Chapman of Bethel, served as wagoner and until taken sick, did his work well. After the war he went South a few years, and then settled at Bethel where he has engaged in various pursuits.

Corporal Thomas Q. Waterhouse had been a telegrapher on the Grand Trunk, and after a few months with us, was detailed for the same kind of work on James river. He died soon after the war.

Corporal Omer Smith did not long serve as such. He was a brave man and possessed of great physical strength. He was addicted to drinking, and

when under the influence of drink was quarrelsome. He was the only man of the battery that was punished by being lashed to the spare wheel. He was a sailor and followed the seas since the war until his health broke down and he went to the Soldiers' Home and died there.

Frank J. Norton was corporal at first but returned to ranks and was put upon detached service. He was not long with the company, and of his family I knew nothing. He enlisted on the quota of Readfield.

One of the first corporals was Benjamin S. Crawford of Auburn. He was soon taken sick and was discharged for disability.

William C. Hutchinson was appointed corporal at the organization of the battery. He was absent sick soon after we went to the front and was discharged during the summer. He enlisted from Rumford and had a family. He has since died.

Everett A. Wentworth was an original corporal, but was returned to ranks at his own request. I have not seen him since the war and never knew his family.

Frank Q. Bodwell, bugler, enlisted from Rumford. In front of Petersburg while at the rear, he claimed to have been wounded by a ball in his foot. The wound when examined indicated a pistol shot wound and powder was blown into it. He had a long furlough and applied for admission to the Veteran Reserve Corps, but on representations made

from the battery, his application was refused. He returned to the battery and served out the remainder of his time as a common soldier. Since the war, he has lived in Massachusetts.

William Hilton from Norridgewock was the other bugler and a faithful one. He served out his time, and I have met him at various times, since the war.

Samuel Fessenden, son of ex-Congressman Samuel Fessenden, and nephew of William Pitt Fessenden, was a member of our battery, and until he received a promotion which took him away, he faithfully performed every duty as a soldier, even to digging in the trenches. He has since become a famous politician and secretary of the Republican National Committee.

James Gould of Troy was a noted member of the battery, but noted for gluttony rather than bravery in action. He would eat three or four men's allowance and then look starved. He sold all his extra clothing for hard-tack. He went on furlough in March, 1865, and never returned.

Jesse D. Bisbee was Captain Twitchell's help. He enlisted from Brunswick, and since the war has been a commercial traveller. He moved West.

Lorenzo Billings from Woodstock never did any service. He was attacked with rheumatism when we were on our way to join the army, and soon after went to Maine, where a few years later he died.

Warren O. Carney of Portland became an artificer, and after the war, was in business in Portland.

He has been route agent between Portland and Bangor, and Grand Tyler of the Grand Lodge of Masons. He served well.

James S. Lowell, ("Jimmy") son of Abner Lowell of Portland, was one of our youngest recruits. He served faithfully and after the war became a telegrapher.

Isaac F. Lapham was ambulance driver. He had served in the 10th Maine. His health broke down in the battery, and he has been much of an invalid since the war. He is on a farm in Litchfield.

One of the coolest men in action in the battery was Joseph C. Lapham, known as "Joe," who enlisted from Rumford. He was somewhat given to drink, but when there was fighting going on, he was in his element. He would perform his duty at the gun, chew tobacco and smile and joke, when the minnie balls were flying through the air and shells bursting all around.

David S. Hawes was credited to the town of Troy, but had lived in various places. He was a man of good character and habits, had seen something of the world, and treated every one with kindness and respect. After the war he went West, and died several years ago, it is said from the effects of an injury received in the service.

Benjamin F. Berry was active and energetic and promptly did his duty on all occasions. After the war, he settled in Kansas and has been very successful in business.

Joseph W. Bean was quite young when he enlisted, but he soon hardened into a soldier capable of enduring without complaint the hardships incident to the soldier's life. He now does business in Boston.

David R. Pierce came to us as a recruit and served in the last campaign of the army of the Potomac. After the war he studied law and has become proficient in his profession. He resides at Great Falls, N. H.

Charles G. Kenney enlisted from Bristol and served throughout with great credit. He enlisted to take his chances in an extremely hazardous occupation, and was not surprised that he did not find a downy bed of ease. His service was highly creditable, and so has been his life since. He resides in Portland.

Howard P. Todd came to the battery from the eastern part of the State, and since the war has resided in Aroostook. He was small in stature but had a well knit frame, and became a good soldier.

George H. Hutchins enlisted from Rumford and served all through, but his work was to care for horses in which he was very proficient. After the war he married and settled down in Andover where he now lives.

James McLoon, our jolly teamster, survived the war and now lives in Damariscotta. "Jim" once had a revolver drawn on him by a general officer

because he persisted in carrying out the instructions of his captain. That night the officer sent for him and he expected it was all up with him sure. But when he reached the officer's quarters, the general, who was alone, asked him his name, where he lived and what battery he belonged to, all of which was answered, when the general asked him if he ever took anything. This was a turn which Jim had not expected and with face wreathed with smiles, he answered "sometimes." The general then called his attention to a jug and told him to help himself, which he required no second invitation to do. Then the general dismissed him, after asking him to forget the little unpleasantness of the afternoon, and acknowledging that he himself alone was at fault.

William Andrews and Charles W. Ackley, both Rumford men, died in hospital after quite long periods of sickness. They were both good men.

Albert Billings from Woodstock was a faithful soldier,and remained throughout. For many years, he has been road master on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad.

George E. Dewitt from Presque Isle was taken sick and died. He was young, only eighteen, but a very promising young man and a good soldier.

Eben M. Field was company clerk, and a more upright, conscientious man, it would be hard to find. He died of consumption soon after the war. He was from Sidney, Maine.

James B. Mason from Woodstock proved a rather feeble man, but he survived the war and has successfully engaged in bee culture at Mechanic Falls, for which he has a natural aptitude.

George R. Niles was severely wounded June 3rd, at Cold Harbor, and died in Augusta July 26. He was from Hallowell.

Ezra Ridlon, Jr., had served in the 10th Maine. He survived the war and returned to Woodstock. He was disabled more or less by sickness.

James H. Pratt from Woodstock was a faithful and reliable man though not particularly robust. He returned and still lives.

William L. Twitchell, brother of Sergeant Twitchell, went out with the battery, and served through, but his health became much shattered and he died soon after the war.

Apollas Williams left the battery soon after his wife did and did not return. He died many years ago.

James Kelley came to us in 1864, and was our mess cook. He excelled in this, and we regarded him as a treasure. He is now in the Home at Milwaukee.

James A. Roberts who came out as a recruit in 1864, is a lawyer in Buffalo, New York, and a man of wealth and influence. For second wife, he married Martha, daughter of Judge Dresser of Lewiston.

Hezekiah G. Mason of Mason was wounded July, 1864, but recovered and returned. He was a good soldier.

John Mason of Bethel was another of this family who never shrank from any duty and remained with the battery throughout its term of service.

Asa A. Rowe of Gilead was taken sick in Washington and died there April 19th, 1864.

Alonzo B. Merrill from Holden went out with the battery and staid with it throughout. He faithfully performed his duties and made a good record as a soldier. He resided in Bangor, and had been engaged in various enterprises. He has taken great interest in keeping up the battery organization. He died in March, 1892.

Austin F. Twitchell was of Bethel and a distant relative of the captain. He had seen battery service before he joined ours. He was jealous of his rights but faithful to his trusts. Since the war he has lived in Auburn and Portland, the latter being his present place of residence.

Frank Wade was from Norridgewock and has resided there since he was mustered out at the close of the war. He was a good soldier and faithful in the discharge of his duties. He is a member of the Battery Association, and quite constant at its meetings.

Joseph U. Frye was another good soldier from Bethel, and since the war, he has his home in the West.

Charles V. Richards is now a dentist at Skowhegan. He joined the battery as a recruit in 1864, and served to the close of the war, always faithful in the discharge of his duties.

There are many others whom I would like to mention, but some of them I never knew intimately, never knew of their families, and have never seen them since the war. Some of the recruits who came to join us late in 1864, I never knew and perhaps never saw. They came when the guns were at the front and remained at the camp in the rear until the rebel lines were broken and the war was over. I have been asked for certificates to aid in getting pensions, from persons whose names even, I did not remember or recognize. The character of our men answered our expectations as a general thing, though among the recruits were some not as good. Only four deserted and two of those left us while in Augusta. Those who died from wounds and sickness or were discharged for disability were: Sergeant Wm. H. Jones, George S. Ricker, Moses H. Arthur, William Andrews, Charles W. Ackley, Wm. R. Bean, Charles C. Burt, Lemuel T. Field, James H. Fall, Samuel Goodwin, George Holmes, John V. Leavitt, Joseph R. Niles, Asa A. Rowe, Charles A. Reed, Charles E. Wheeler, La Forest Warner, Geo. E. DeWit, Briggs G. Besse, Lorenzo Billings, Ebenezer A. Brooks, Benjamin F. Crawford, Asbury Eastman, John Goudy, Ensworth T. Harden, Wm. C. Hutch-

inson, George A. Johnson, Geo. W. Marston, James B. Mason, Charles O. Randall, Alfred Roberts, Apollas Williams, Emery C. Dunn and Howard W. Merrill. Thomas W. Hyde was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. George H. Blake, who joined us as a recruit in the fall of 1864, had been a preacher, and although he received a large bounty and enlisted as a common private, he thought he ought to be excused from active duty and be permitted to labor for the good of souls. We made up our minds that as he was an enlisted man, he should be treated accordingly.

One little incident I omitted in its proper place, may be recalled here. When on the march across the Peninsula, some of our boys caught a cow that was feeding by the roadside, and putting a rope on her horns, hitched her to one of our teams. That night we had milk in our coffee and continued to have it with considerable regularity, to the close of the war. Several of the organizations had captured and were keeping cows, and late in the fall, there was issued an order for all such to be turned over to the hospital. We then dug a hole about ten feet square and lowered the cow into it where we fed and milked her all winter. She went with us in the pursuit of Lee's army as far as we went, and after the surrender and we had returned to City Point, we disposed of her after we had kept her about a year.

I was appointed quartermaster February 21, 1865. My commission bears date May 11, 1865,

and I was to take rank from February 21, preceding. It is signed by Andrew Johnson and countersigned by E. M. Stanton. I did not resign from the battery. After I was mustered, my first order required me to remain in Washington and wait further orders. The trial of the conspirators, and accessories to the murder of President Lincoln was to come on and I was able to attend the hearing before the military tribunal throughout. It so happened that General Hartranft, to whose brigade we had been attached at the Wilderness and beyond, was the officer in charge of the court-room, and as I was well acquainted with him, he gave me a pass covering the whole period of the trial. I was exceedingly fortunate in this, as the court-room was every day crowded, and many who desired admission were turned away. I remember vividly to this day just how the prisoners looked as they came into court in irons, and took their seats. Mrs. Surratt was a very large and rather vicious looking person, and as cool and unmoved during the trial as any of the lot. Paine was a giant physically, but evidently of weak intellect. Dr. Mudd was the typical southerner, with long hair and somewhat sinister expression.

Atzerodt had a villainous looking face judging from which, he would be ready for any kind of mischief. The face of Harold showed weakness and indecision, such as one would expect to find on a person who was a mere tool as this young man

was of the principal conspirator. There were three other persons on trial, but they were comparatively insignificant. The trial lasted many days, and then all were brought in guilty though with different degrees of guilt. Mrs. Surratt, Paine, Atzerodt and Herald were sentenced to be hanged and were executed accordingly. Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment at Dry Tortugus, and the other three to lesser terms of imprisonment. The last three were pardoned by Andrew Johnson and Dr. Mudd has since been pardoned. I believe the trial was an impartial one, and had I been a member of the court I should have brought in as the others did. Much was said at the time against hanging a woman, but there was not the least doubt of her guilt, and there would have been no justice in treating her different from her fellow-conspirators. Except Booth, she was evidently the leading spirit in the affair. She exhibited but little emotion during the trial, and bore her death sentence with almost stolid indifference. There could be but one outcome of the trial, and she was aware from the beginning what the result must be. Conscious of her guilt, she could expect no mercy at the hands of a court which so ably represented an outraged nation.

About the middle of June or a little later, I received an order assigning me to duty in the state of Vermont. I was directed to proceed to Brattleboro, report to Colonel Eastman, United States

provost marshal for that state, and then go to Montpelier and await further orders. I did as directed, visiting my home in Oxford county on the way. I found there was very little for me to do in Vermont. Quartermaster Frank O. Sawyer had been stationed there during the war, and had the full run of the business. I was expected to assist him but he soon gave me to understand that he needed no help. I then went in for a good time. I had free transportation, and visited at pleasure Montpelier, Burlington, Brattleboro, Rutland and Saint Albans. I visited the home of Rev. Dr. Estes in Jericho, and with him made the ascent of Mount Mansfield. I went down the lake from Burlington, visited Ticonderoga, Lake George, Whitehall and other points of interest, also Plattsburg, Rouse's Point etc. Then I obtained leave of absence and returned to Maine, thinking that my service was really over, but I had hardly reached Bryant's Pond, when I received notice from Colonel Eastman informing me of the sickness of Captain Sawyer and directing me to proceed at once to Brattleboro. I was there in two days. My first duty was to proceed to Saint Albans and dispose of the horses of the First Vermont Cavalry at auction. By the time this duty was performed which occupied only a few days, Captain Sawyer had so far recovered as to resume charge and I was again a gentleman of leisure. I remained in Vermont until October, when I received an order

directing me to proceed to my home in Maine and there await further orders. On the thirtieth day of October, 1865, I received an order from the war department which honorably mustered me out of the service of the United States on the ground that my services were no longer needed. On the same day, I received a commission from President Andrew Johnson, appointing me major of United States Volunteers by brevet, to take rank from October 30. I went to Portland and was paid by Major, afterwards Governor Robie, receiving three months extra pay according to orders. I was mustered in on my commission as quartermaster, at Alexandria, Virginia, May 26, 1865, by Lieutenant Edward Rose of the 56th Massachusetts Volunteers, assistant mustering officer of the second division of the Ninth Army Corps. I was therefore in the service of the quartermaster's department a little over five months, I then returned to civil and private life. This five months' service was a very pleasant closing up of my military life. I had receipted for but little property during this time, so that my accounts were readily and easily settled, and my bondsmen relieved from all responsibility.

I was glad to exchange my uniform for the dress of a civilian, and since the close of the war, I have taken no part in military affairs. I was never interested in the dress parade of the home guard, and the experience of the war taught us that it requires

but little service to make a reliable soldier of the average American citizen. Few in the volunteer service, had a more varied experience than I. At first in the State recruiting service; then on the medical staff at Augusta; next in the commissary department; then a line officer in the infantry, and then an officer in the light artillery. Lastly, I was assistant quartermaster and as such was mustered out of the service. I was three times detailed on general courts martial, twice in the capacity of judge advocate. Of the quality of my service in these several positions, it does not become me to speak. I have only to say that I tried to do my duty, and was never accused of any dereliction. I have not cared to talk much about the war, believing that when the rebels surrendered, it was over, and as it had been a war between sections of the same country, the less said about it, the better. Enough for me it is, that the rebellion was thoroughly subdued; that the institution of slavery which caused it, is forever abolished; that a common country was left us, and that the union of the states is insoluble.

In the preceding pages which are limited to an account of the service of two organizations, but little idea is given of the magnitude of the great rebellion, and the numbers engaged. In 1861, there were one hundred and fifty-six engagements including skirmishes; in 1862, five hundred and sixty-four; in 1863, six hundred and twenty-seven;

in 1864, seven hundred and seventy-nine; in 1865, one hundred and thirty-five; total, two thousand two hundred and sixty-one. The great battles of the war were as follows:

Bull Run, July 21, 1861; Wilson Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861; Lexington, Mo., September 12 to 20, 1861; Mill Springs, Ky., January 19-20, 1862; Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862; Fort Donelson, February 14-15, 1862; Pea Ridge, March 5-8, 1862; Winchester, March 23, 1862; Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862; capture of New Orleans, April 18 to 28, 1862; Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1-2, 1862; Cross Keys, Va., June 8, 1862; James Island, June 16, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Baton Rouge, August 1, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Second Bull Run, August 30, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 12 to 15, 1862; Mumfordsville, Ky., September 14-16, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Pocotaligo, S. C., October 22, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., December 28-29, 1862; Stone River, December 31, 1862, and January 1-2, 1863; Port Hudson, March 14, 1863; Fort Pemberton, March 13 to April 5, 1863; Port Gibson, May 1, 1863; Chancellorsville, May 1-4, 1862; Vicksburg, May 18 to July 4, 1863; Port Hudson, May 27 to July 9, 1863; Beverly Ford, June 9, 1863; Winchester, June 13-15, 1863; Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863; Chickamauga, Ga., September 19-20, 1863; Chat-

anooga, Nov. 23-25, 1863; Olustee, Fla., February 20, 1864; Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864; Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., April 30, 1864; Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864; Spotsylvania, May 8-18, 1864; North Anna, May 23-27, 1864; Cold Harbor, June 1-12, 1864; Kenesaw Mountain, June 9-30, 1864; Brice's Cross Roads, June 10, 1864; Petersburg, June 15-19, 1864; front of Petersburg, July 1-31, 1864; Deep Bottom, etc., July 27-28, 1864; Opequan, September 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill, September 22, 1864; Weldon Railroad, October 1-5, 1864; Nashville, December 15, 1864; Fort Fisher, December 25, 1864, and January 13-15, 1865; Petersburg, March 25, 1865; Five Forks, April 1, 1865; Petersburg, April 2-6, 1865; Appomattox Court House, April 8-9, 1865.

During the war there were general officers as follows: One general, two lieutenant generals, eleven major generals, United States Army; one hundred and twenty-eight major generals of volunteers; thirty-six brigadier generals, United States Army; five hundred and sixty-one brigadier generals of volunteers, making in all, including those having a brevet rank, two thousand five hundred and thirty-seven. Of these general officers, thirty-eight were killed in action, twenty-nine died of wounds, and thirty-five died from other causes.

The total number of men who went into the army under the different calls of the President was 2,859,132; the total number of colored troops was

186,097; enlisted in the regular army during the war, 67,000. Maine furnished in all, thirty-three regiments, seven batteries and twenty-five companies, an aggregate of 72,114 enlisted men. During the war, the following casualties in the Union army were reported: Killed in action, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,773; died of disease, 183,287; accidentally killed, 306; missing in action, 6,749; honorably discharged, 174,577; discharged for disability, 224,306; dishonorably discharged, 2,693; officers dismissed, 2,423; officers cashiered, 274; officers resigned, 22,281; enlisted men deserted, 199,045. This list does not include men who were mustered out at the close of the war. The total loss by death during the war: Whites, 250,697; colored, 29,039; total, 279,235. About thirty thousand died while prisoners of war, not included in the above account.

In the winter of 1861, the entire armies of the United States numbered only 16,367 men; in May, 1865, at the close of the war, they numbered 1,000,516. The figures given in these few statistical pages, represent only the Union army, but the rebel army was made up of American citizens, and was nearly as large and the losses about as heavy, so that the losses of men occasioned by the rebellion were nearly double those already given. The immense sacrifice of human life constituted the greatest loss, for the wealth of any country consists largely in her stalwart sons, but there were

other losses growing out of this needless war that were of immense consequence; the destruction of public and private property; the forced suspension of valuable productive industries; the desolation of homes in the track of hostile armies; the making of countless widows and orphans whose lamentations went up from every part of the land; the creation of an immense national debt the burden of which is still weighing us down—these are only some of the terrible results of our internecine struggle—the cost of subduing the slaveholder's rebellion, and of preserving national unity on the basis of freedom and equality before the law.

RETROSPECTION.

A generation has been born, has grown up and entered upon the world's busy stage since the close of our Civil War. Nearly three decades of years have passed, and they have been eventful ones, to our own country and to the world. They have been years of progress in every department of human knowledge. In our own country, the issues that brought on the war having been settled by its results, those which grew out of it have been settled by legislation in which a large majority of our people, have acquiesced. Peace reigns everywhere within our borders. The new South has entered upon an era of prosperity, and is now ready to admit that chattel slavery was a curse rather than a blessing. Some little feeling is still kept up between the two sections, by the action of political parties and for partisan purposes, but it is rapidly dying out, and will entirely disappear with this generation. There will never be any more war for the dissolution of the Union, for there is no longer any occasion for that sectional strife which seeks redress in arms. There will be issues, for without them political parties cannot exist, but they will, as has recently been the case, be settled

by the arbitrament of the ballot, and to its decision all will yield a cheerful obedience.

Not until the reconstruction that followed the war, could it be said of us that we had a common country with all interests common. The institution of slavery required special protection by special legislation, and this at length became a continual source of strife. Now we are a reunited people, having the same interests throughout the length and breadth of our ample commonwealth. It is a source of inexpressible satisfaction to me that the great question of chattel slavery was settled, and settled forever in my day and generation; that it is not left as a troublesome and dangerous legacy, to posterity. I am proud that I bore even a humble part in sustaining the government and the country against the tremendous shock that was inevitable to the abolition of slavery, an institution older than the government itself and whose growth of two centuries had given it such deep root that its eradication could not but imperil the union of the states. This justifiable pride, I bequeath as a priceless legacy to my children.

In looking back after the lapse of thirty years since the breaking out of our Civil War, I remember many things during its continuance which causes me to feel proud of my native State. The outburst of patriotism was unbounded, tremendous. Fathers who were too aged or infirm to go into the service, encouraged their sons to enlist, and mothers buckled

the harness upon their sons and bade them godspeed, with more than Spartan firmness. Of course, there were some exceptions to this, for no cause however sacred, has ever yet united an entire people, but the patriotic spirit was so much in the ascendant that opposition was held in abeyance and scarcely showed itself. During the first half of the war, men offered themselves to the government as fast as they could be organized, equipped and sent to the front, and these enlistments embraced the best young and middle aged men in the State. After the great drain of this class of men whose patriotism would not admit of their remaining at home, recruiting began to be more difficult, and it was then that doubtful patriotism began to show itself in the offer of large bounties to recruits by cities and towns. People tried to make themselves believe that this was patriotism, but it was really an act of cowardice and resorted to only to prevent conscription. When a nation's life is imperilled, it is the duty of every able bodied man to spring into the breach, without waiting to be hired or drafted.

The patriots were either at the front or were filling patriots' graves, and still the war raged with unabated fury, and when and how it would end, no one could tell. Many young men who were too young to enlist when the war broke out, entered the service as they became of suitable age, and made excellent soldiers. There were others who would

enlist only for large bounties, and still another class who were determined not to go into the service under any circumstances. So these two classes, one composed of mercenaries and the other of cowards, concocted the scheme of raising funds upon the credit of the towns to pay for filling their quotas, and many municipalities thereby, became almost hopelessly involved. The mistaken policy of such practice is shown in the class of jackals and buzzards which it brought to the surface. It developed a class of scoundrels who bought and sold recruits as they would cattle for the shambles. There were brokers dealing in men in all the cities, and most infamous were the schemes resorted to for carrying on their business. Men who had an appetite for drink would be made drunk, and when they had sobered off, they would find themselves bound to military service, and be sent off, perhaps in irons, to the nearest provost marshal's office. Some of these brokers went to Canada and hired men to work in the logging swamp or to cut cord-wood, and they signed a contract to that effect. These documents were either written or printed in English, and the French Canadians signing them not understanding the language, found on arriving at a provost marshal's office in the State, that they had enlisted to serve for three years, or during the war, and were at once hustled off to the front. It is but fair to say that some of them on making representation of the facts to the officials, were permitted to

go home, but their abductors were not punished as they should have been. This practice became so common, and the attending circumstances were so outrageous, that the Canadian government offered a large reward for the apprehension of those engaged in it, and this practically put a stop to it.

One of the most active and most successful firms engaged in this infamous business, had an office in different parts of the State, and at each of them, men were bought and sold like slaves in the South; and it was a travesty on the chief issue of the war which was to make men free and not to place them in bondage. I refer to this firm because its chief, of all the men engaged in the business, in this State, was the only one punished, and he not by state authorities. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and was pardoned out before he had served out one-tenth part of his term. There were scores if not hundreds of men in the State who dabbled more or less in the same kind of transactions, to the extent of their abilities. Agents appointed to fill the quotas of towns, after having purchased a squad of men, if they were offered an advance by some broker or the agent of another town, would either sell out, or charge their towns an advance on the men equal to the advance offered. Of course, this was highly reprehensible, yea, dishonorable, but in the mad pursuit of gain, justice and honor seemed to be regarded as of no account. Then quotas of towns were credited on men who

only existed on paper. These were the famous "Paper Credits" about which so much was said and written immediately after the close of the war, when an effort was made by the legislature to investigate these things. This paper credit business could not have been successfully carried on, without the connivance of officials, both of the State and the general government for it took both these classes of officers to supervise enlistments and get recruits into United States service. It also required the influence of somebody in Congress, because to accomplish what was desired a change had to be made in the official representing United States authority in Maine. As the paper credit swindle was a success, it is but fair to presume that all the conditions were favorable. By this method of filling quotas, hundreds of credits representing recruits having no existence, were sold to towns for five or six hundreds dollars each, and the proceeds divided among those having a hand in the deal.

In 1870, after two efforts had been made to investigate these matters through joint committees of the legislature, a commission was provided for by an act of the legislature, to investigate the whole subject, having authority to summons witnesses and obtain documentary evidence. The commission was an exceptionally able one and their report made over five hundred pages of printed matter. A large edition was printed, but after

twenty years it is quite difficult to find a copy. At one time, after the general distribution, there were hundreds of copies at the State House, but they suddenly disappeared. It is supposed that implicated persons or their friends had something to do with the disappearance of these reports.

The reports of the commission, though followed by no prosecutions, served to open the eyes of the people to the demoralized condition of things during the closing years of the war, and how it entered into the transactions of very many towns. The evidence went to show that agents for filling the quotas of towns though liberally paid for their services, would receive a bonus from the broker for each man contracted for, the receipt given as a voucher, being made large enough to cover the extra amount paid.

Men engaged in this substitute brokerage business, accumulated great wealth thereby, and lived like princes. Money obtained so quickly and so easily, especially in the hands of those not accustomed to it, does not generally remain long, and except in a few rare instances, it did not in this case. Some spent it in extravagant and riotous living, while others plunged into speculation—engaged in selling patent rights that were worthless, in sinking wells that yielded no oil, and in mining schemes that produced no ores. And so their ill-gotten gains were swept away and left them stranded, and obliged to start in life anew and in a

more humble way. Some of them did not commence operations until near the close of the war, and appeared much disgusted when peace came and cut short their career.

Many of the persons named in the report of the commission were then and still are unknown to me. Some of them were insignificant, mere flies upon the body politic, who tried to get a trifle while the jackals and buzzards were gorging themselves.

On two occasions the Maine Legislature made efforts to investigate these frauds, but without results. There were a few members—enough to move an investigation, who had clean hands and clear consciences, but enough others had been more or less guilty of maladministration in filling the towns' quotas, to neutralize all efforts for an exhaustive inquiry. Committees were appointed with a show of fairness, but scarcely any efforts were made to obtain evidence, while stumbling blocks were constantly thrown in the way of investigation. Witnesses were out of the State when wanted, and some of those who came before the committee either evaded a direct answer or tried to burlesque the whole proceedings. Of these transactions very little can be found on record at the State House, for interested parties have made every effort to relegate the whole subject to darkest oblivion. There will be those who will think it better that these circumstances should not be recalled; that everything relating to this unpleasant

phase of "Maine in the War," should be forgiven and forgotten. There is no phase of the war that is not unpleasant to some people. There were rebels in Maine all through the struggle, who rejoiced when union people mourned, and mourned when union people rejoiced. These are facts of history, unpleasant to acknowledge and remember, yet they cannot be forgotten; and no more can the acts of those be forgotton, who, taking advantage of the country's peril, swindled both State and nation out of their just dues and the soldiers out of their rights. While we should hold in grateful remembrance the names of Howard, Berry, Chamberlain, Connor, Jameson, Shepley, Burnham, Doughty and scores and hundreds of other Maine citizens who early went down to the war, we should remember only with scorn and contempt, the names and deeds of those who remained at home and tried to lay up fortunes by the grossest swindling and at the expense of the government and its defenders. I have not recalled the names of these persons for obvious reasons, but if any one desires to know who they were, they have only to examine the Report of the Commissioners. They will there learn no doubt greatly to their surprise, that many who were implicated in these frauds were at the time, leading men in church and State, and since the war, have been leaders of political parties, and recipients of high honors at the hands of the government they so wickedly swindled and betrayed.

I will not pursue this phase of the subject farther. What I have felt obliged to say, is humiliating, but I could not say less and make the record intelligible. I have shown that while the hearts of a large majority of the people of this State, during the entire contest for the preservation of national unity, beat responsive to the music of the Union, there were a few whose sordid love of gain became a ruling passion, overcame their patriotism, and resulted in the commission of unlawful and grossly disloyal acts. That they have suffered more or less for their wrong doing, there is no doubt, for while virtue brings its own reward, it is equally true that vice is its own tormentor.

APPENDIX.

SUMMING UP.

The Seventh Maine Battery left Camp Coburn, Augusta, Me., for Washington, February 1, 1864, and on arriving there went into Camp Barry, which was a camp of instruction.

On the twelfth of April, the battery received its guns (light 12 pounder brass pieces) and on the fifteenth was assigned to the Ninth Army Corps, which it joined while the corps was passing through Washington, on its way from Annapolis to the front, April 25th.

The battery encamped the first night out, two miles beyond Alexandria, and on the twenty-seventh took up its line of march, passing through Centreville and crossing Bull Run creek, arrived at Warrenton Junction on the twenty-eighth, where it remained in park until May 4th.

On the fifth the battery crossed the Rapidan river into the old Wilderness, and went into position near the Lacy house where it was for the first time under fire.

On the sixth the battery with many others was massed on the right and rear of the Sixth Corps, to repel an expected attack to cut off our supply train.

The battle of the Wilderness having been fought, the battery withdrew and followed the third division of the Ninth Corps on the march through Chancellorsville, continuing the march on the eighth and arriving at the Ny river on the ninth where their guns were placed in position near the Gale house and opened fire on the enemy's lines, the guns bearing on a point on the left of the turnpike road leading to Spotsylvania court house. At night Lieutenant Bundy's left section crossed the Ny river, threw up a lunette on a hill to the left of the road and placed the two guns in position.

On the tenth two guns were placed in position on the line of the third division, one bearing to the right and one to the left of the road leading to the court house.

On the twelfth the left section (Bundy's), took an advanced position on the front line and opened on the enemy with shot and shell. Subsequently the other two sections took similar positions and the entire battery being several hundred yards in advance of any other battery, engaged the enemy and was much exposed. Here we had our first killed and wounded. The guns were then withdrawn and placed in the same position as on the tenth and eleventh.

On the twelfth, in the evening, the right section (Lapham's,) moved to the right to assist in an attack to be made the following morning by a division of the Second Corps under General Bar-

low. The night was dark and rainy and the section found its way through the woods with extreme difficulty. Arriving at the point where the attack was to be made, the men lay down and obtained a couple of hours of sleep. The attack was made at daylight, and for a time the battery was exposed to a galling fire of musketry. The section with other artillery, opened at first with cannister, then used shell and lastly solid shot, being engaged for a couple of hours, when it returned and joined the battery.

On the seventeenth the battery was placed in position on the right of the Ninth Corps line and joined the third division on the eighteenth. On the nineteenth the guns were again placed in position on the front line of the first division, remaining there until the night of the twenty-first, when they were withdrawn, and the battery took up the line of march towards the North Anna river, where it arrived on the twenty-third and threw up a line of works.

During the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, the battery had sharp artillery practice with the enemy, our gunners showing superior marksmanship.

On the twenty-seventh we marched with the division and crossed the Pamunkey river on the twenty-eighth.

On the thirtieth, we advanced with the division and placed one section in position, bearing across the creek. The next day, another section was placed in position on the front line.

On the night of June 1st, the battery followed the third division train to the left in rear of the line of battle, and on the afternoon of the 2d took position on the line of the division, when the enemy pressed our right flank. All the guns were opened on the enemy and kept up a rapid firing until dark.

During the night our works were much strengthened, and on the following morning, we again opened fire with marked effect. Soon after, by order of the division commander, the battery was placed in a position within 350 yards of the enemy's works, where we were much exposed. After throwing up earthworks to protect the gunners, the pieces were turned against the enemy and threw shot and shell with marked effect.

At dark, the battery was withdrawn and placed in the position of the morning. We here met with losses in killed and wounded.

On the fourth of June, the battery was moved to a position near the Cross Roads at Cold Harbor and placed in position where it remained until the twelfth, opening occasionally upon the enemy's entrenched line and often provoking a return fire.

On the fourteenth we crossed the Chickahominy, and the James river on the 15th, and marching up the right bank, reached the front of Petersburg on the sixteenth.

On the eighteenth when the Ninth Corps drove the enemy across the Norfolk railroad, we took a

position on the crest of a hill, commanding the enemy's new line of works, where we kept up a constant fire, to prevent him from strengthening his works, and to assist our troops in making an advance. We remained in this position until the twentieth, when with the third division, we moved to the right.

We next took up an advance position to the left of the Hare house within 300 yards of the enemy where we opened on his works.

On the night of the twenty-third, the third division returned to the left, where the battery was placed in the works near the Taylor house about fifty yards in advance of the redoubt afterwards known as Fort Morton.

The Taylor house was in front of and 700 yards distant from the point where the famous Burnside mine was sprung on the thirtieth of July. The battery remained in this position during the entire month. There was constant firing from the rebel entrenched picket line in our front, and no man might with impunity, raise his head above our breast work. During the mine explosion and the conflict which followed, our battery did good service.

On the fourth of August, the battery was relieved from a position which it had held under a burning sun for forty-four consecutive days, a longer period, it is believed, than any other battery on the line, remained exposed to a constant fire by night and by day.

On the fourteenth of August, we were ordered into position at Fort Rice, a mile to the left of the mine.

On the nineteenth the enemy opened a sharp fire upon us which was continued for an hour, wounding one man and disabling one gun.

On the twenty-fourth the battery joined the third division near the Weldon railroad, and on the twenty-fifth marched to the support of the Second Corps near Ream's station, returning at night.

September 9th, the guns were placed in a redoubt on the Jerusalem Plank road, near the Williams house, and remained until the twenty-ninth, when we moved to the Gurley house. On the thirtieth we passed the Yellow tavern, and halted at Peeble's farm, near Poplar Spring church.

October 1, the battery was ordered into position at the Peeble's house and remained during the day and night, and on the morning of October 2d we moved out and took a new position near the Pegram house, under a heavy artillery fire, in which two of our horses were killed, and the limber of one gun disabled.

On the afternoon of the fourth, the enemy opened on us with artillery, at the same time, advancing a line of infantry which forced back our pickets. We replied with energy and continued until the enemy ceased firing.

October 5th, our guns were placed in Fort Welch at the extreme left, and remained there until

November 30th, when we moved toward the right again and took position in Fort Alexander Hayes. We remained here only two days, when we moved still farther to the right, and took up our old position in front of Petersburg.

In the evening of December 2d, we placed four of our pieces in Fort Sedgwick (Fort Hell), and the other two in a battery adjoining, known as battery 21. The guns in the fort and batteries were in the immediate command of Lieutenants Lapham and Staples of the Seventh Maine, and Lieutenant Machewsky of the Third New Jersey, the former being the ranking officer. The batteries of the corps had now been organized into an artillery brigade, under command of Gen. Tidball, chief of artillery of the Ninth Corps. Here the battery remained until the opening of the spring campaign, on the first of April, and an account of its service while here, has already been given.

April 1st, the battle of Five Forks having been fought, and the enemy's line broken, orders came for us to open all our guns upon the enemy's works, as a general assault all along the line was to be made at midnight. It was not, however, made until the next morning at daylight.

At four o'clock, April 2d, all the guns opened, firing rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes, then suspending for the infantry to charge in our front, which was done in splendid shape, and the rebel line captured just before the break of day.

Artillerymen being wanted to man the rebel guns, Lieutenant Staples volunteered, and with the men of the second section, placed the guns in position and was soon discharging them upon the retreating rebels.

At noon on the third of April, the battery broke camp, and passing through Petersburg, camped at midnight ten miles beyond the city.

The battery being with the rear corps in pursuit of General Lee's retreating forces, encamped on the night of the 4th near Saw Mill station, on the South Side railway, and the next night twenty miles beyond at Melville station. On the 6th we were at Burksville, and on the 10th at Farmville, where we were at the time of the surrender.

While at Farmville, Lieutenant Lapham, with a detail of 100 men, was engaged in hunting up and sending away by rail, the artillery which the rebels had dumped into the runs, rivers and swamps on the line of their retreat.

We were at Farmville, when we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. The official order communicating the sad news, directed that a salute of twenty-one guns be fired, at noon, April 19th, and the honor was assigned to our battery. At the appointed hour, from an eminence beyond the town, the cannon spoke in loud tones, the requiem in respect to the illustrious dead.

April 20th the battery took up the line of march for City Point, and on the 26th, going on board

transports arrived in Alexandria on the 28th, and encamped near Fairfax Seminary. After the grand review of the army of the Potomac, in which the battery participated, and the review of Sherman's army, the battery was ordered home, and was mustered out of the service, June 21, 1865.

The battery during its term of service achieved the right to have inscribed upon its colors, the following engagements.

Wilderness.

Ny River.

Spotsylvania.

North Anna.

Bethesda Church.

Cold Harbor.

Norfolk Railroad.

Before Petersburg.

Weldon Railroad.

Poplar Spring Church.

Pegram Farm.

Fort Sedgwick.

Capture of Petersburg.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

LETTERS FROM CAMP BARRY.

Camp Barry, which is the largest artillery camp of instruction in the United States, if not in the world, is situated on the Bladensburg Pike, about one and a half miles northwest of the Capitol.

It was laid out and organized under the immediate direction of Brig. Gen. W. F. Barry, who was chief of artillery of the army of the Potomac during the time Gen. McClellan had command of that army, and who has since, until recently, been inspector of artillery, U. S. A. The location has great natural advantages for a camp, beside being one of the pleasantest spots in the suburbs of Washington. It slopes gradually toward the south, sufficient to drain off the water quickly after a storm, an all important consideration in this changeable climate. At the base of this slope, a few rods south of the camp, is a small stream of pure water, affording ample facilities for watering the thousands of horses in this camp and in the other camps near by. The grounds for the camp were surveyed, and the camp laid out about fifteen months ago. Lieut. Col. Munroe of the 1st Rhode Island Regiment Light Artillery was the first post commander and he was succeeded by Maj. James A. Hall, formerly the able and efficient commander of the gallant Second Maine Battery. The post commander receives his orders from the inspector of artillery, whose headquarters are in the city. Gen. Barry has filled

that office until recently, when he was ordered to Chattanooga to reorganize the artillery of that department. He was succeeded by Brig. Gen. A. P. Howe of Maine. Gen. Howe is a graduate of West Point and was formerly attached to the regular artillery. His inspector and chief of staff is Maj. Charles Hamlin, son of the Vice President.

The new organizations are all ordered into this camp where they receive their horses, guns and equipments, and remain here until they become efficient in drill and discipline. Commissioned officers recite in the tactics to the post commander and the non-commissioned to the officers of the company. Reviews and inspections occur at regular intervals and the progress of the different batteries is narrowly watched and carefully noted by the inspector. Old organizations whose numbers have been reduced in the field are also sent back here to recruit.

There are now in this camp fifteen batteries, six of them being from New England and three from Maine. The old Second Maine, which has been with the army of the Potomac for over two years and has participated in all its hard fought battles is now here. This battery for efficiency and discipline stands second to none from our State, and few, if any in the volunteer service has a nobler record. Capt. Davis Tillson who came out with the battery is now brigadier general, and commands the defence of Knoxville. Captain Hall who succeeded him is now major, and in command of the camp. Captain Ulmer was the next in command and resigned on account of disability. Captain Albert F. Thomas is now in command and is an able officer and very popular with his men. The battery is now filled up to the maximum standard and will be

ready to participate in the near approaching campaign.

The 3rd Maine is also here. This battery was first commanded by Captain Swett, of whom Gen. Webster said in his report, "His flashing eye would melt down a six pounder at a glance." When the 18th Maine was reorganized and changed to Heavy Artillery, this battery became Company "M," of that regiment. Captain Swett resigned, and the preference of recruits for that regiment so augmented its numbers that Company "M" again became the 3rd Maine Battery. It recently came into this camp under command of Captain Mayo.

The 7th Maine has been here about two months. It came here with a hundred and forty-three men, one deserting and three being left sick at Augusta. There has been much sickness in this company since its arrival. The measles soon made its appearance and as usual a large number had never had it. Others had the mumps, and several were attacked with erysipelas. A peculiar affection of the throat and fauces went through the entire company. Four have died, viz: Charles A. Reed, Presque Isle; John W. Leavitt, Winthrop, George S. Ricker, Hallowell, and Samuel F. Field of Presque Isle.

Several men, induced no doubt by the large bounties, enlisted into this battery and managed to deceive the surgeon, who are unfit for service and always will be. One man has fits and has been discharged from the service once on account of it. Another has a withered leg and has never done any service; a third has a breach, a fourth is troubled with scrofula and there are several who now freely confess and even claim that they are unfit for service and knew they were not when then they enlisted.

The government has been awfully swindled by these "hospital bummers," since such liberal bounties have been paid, and they should immediately be discharged from the service and be made to disgorge the money they have so dishonestly received.

The health of the company, as a whole, is improving. Several have recently returned from the hospital and we have but one or two cases now which are in any manner dangerous.

The Second and Third Maine Batteries have the 10-pounder rifled gun, but the Seventh has the light 12-pounder smooth bore. At long range the rifled guns have the advantage, but at short range the light 12-pounder is vastly superior.

* * * * *

The weather has been unusually mild even for this latitude since we came here. There have been but few cold days and we have had much more dust than mud. Spring is already beginning to put on its beautiful garments and birds and flowers are seen on every hand.

With the advent of spring comes the time for active operations in the field. Already troops are marching in large numbers toward the front, and the army of the Potomac, reorganized and reinforced, and under the leadership of the victorious Grant will soon be on the war path.

A large portion of the heavy artillery stationed about Washington has been ordered to the front as infantry. This is as it should be. Many of these regiments have been stationed here over two years and number two thousand men each. They are well drilled as infantry and will make a fine addition to active service. It is understood their places are to be filled to a certain extent by the Veteran Reserve Corps (late the Invalid Corps).

The National Fair at the Patent Office has been very successful. It closes by a grand ball this evening. The President and his lady have honored it on two or three occasions by their presence, and a few evenings since Gen. Sickles was present and made an excellent speech. March 29, 1864.

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DOWN AT THE FRONT.

Having received from the "military powers that be," in this department, a bit of paper on which was stated that "Lt.—— had leave of absence for three days to visit the army of the Potomac on important private business," I took it to the provost marshal who *vised* it so as to allow the bearer transportation on the United States military railroad, and then without further ceremony I was off to the "Front." The term, "Front," though sufficiently definite, can hardly be said to have a local habitation, for at different periods during the war it has run in parallel lines all the way from the Potomac to the Rapidan. At the present time it is as far from Washington as it ever has been.

Cars now connect with the Baltimore trains running along in front of the capitol, through Maryland avenue, until it crosses Seventh street, where a "military necessity," has caused the erection of a way station for the benefit of those who are going down to the battlefields. The cars now run over long bridge, but a railroad bridge is in process of erection, some fifteen or twenty rods below, and will soon be finished.

Leaving Washington, the road winds along down the Potomac to Alexandria. Near that city was where the Twenty-third Maine was encamped last

spring and the long line of rifle pits attest to the great amount of fatigue duty performed by the regiment while there. From Alexandria it branches off from the river, and passing along through the chain of forts which comprise the defences of Washington, we steamed away through field and woodland, the former cut up with a complete network of roads, and the latter terribly mangled by the woodman's axe. Halting at several little way-side stations, around each of which was a little collection of canvas tents, the temporary homes of the railroad guard, who at short intervals all along the road is seen dark and weather beaten with musket in hand ready to defend with his life, if need be the thoroughfare which alone communicates with, and feeds the great "army of the Potomac." Fairfax is soon reached and passed, and still farther we pass the Bull Run stream and battlefield, a portion of which is seen on the right, stretching away toward the Bull Run mountains, then we come to Manassas Junction where the rebel army of Virginia encamped during the memorable winter of 1862. On the right about half a mile from the road stands a large brick house, surrounded with trees. Here were the headquarters of Gen. Beauregard. Formerly there was quite a respectable little village at Manassas Junction, but at this present time there is not a building standing, except a few temporary huts built by the government for the use of the soldiers stationed here. Fairfax, Centreville, Bull Run, Manassas! A melancholy interest invests all these places and the numberless mounds where sleep the early heroes of the war, tell their own sad story.

The country from Manassas to the Rappahannock, a distance of forty miles, is a nearly level plain,

crossed occasionally by little branches and rivers. There are continuous fields of hundreds of acres, enclosed before the war by broad belts of woodland, giving diversity and beauty to the landscape. But the aspect of the country has sadly changed within the past three years. At Manassas Junction commences the "Abomination of Desolation." Fields are laid waste, fences are destroyed, the inhabitants have fled and hardly a solitary house is standing, and to make the desolation still more complete, our ears are continually greeted with the cawing of the carrion crow and the screams of the buzzard, those foul birds which ever follow in the wake of war and slaughter.

At Rappahannock station is the place where such brilliant laurels were won by the 5th and 6th Maine at the time of the advance of our army in November. It must have required strong nerve and hearts of steel to have climbed that hill, at the apex of which was a strong earth-work frowning with cannon, and to the right of which were triple lines of rifle pits, from behind which the rebels poured volley after volley of "leaden rain and iron hail." But nothing daunted, the Union soldiers pushed forward and carried the works at the point of the bayonet, capturing the entire force which largely outnumbered them. A correspondent of the New York Times, who pointed out to me the scene of the conflict, remarked that it was one of the most brilliant things of the war. Crossing the Rappahannock we pass Bealton, and the next stopping place is Brandy Station which has been the scene of so many desperate cavalry fights. In fact the whole country from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock has been fought over inch by inch, several times during the war. At Brandy we left the cars

and struck off across the country, passing army headquarters on the way, and crossing Hoyl river we found the little remnant of the glorious 5th Maine encamped on the extreme right of the army. The history of the 5th is so well known as to make superfluous anything said in its praise in this place. We were very kindly and cordially received by our friend, Colonel Edwards. The regiment is encamped in a grove on the outskirts of a large plantation, owned by a Mr. Major, who passes within the rebel lines when the country is occupied by our troops. The police regulations of the camp were excellent, and not a speck of loose dirt could be seen anywhere. They had only one sick in hospital, and he was laid up with rheumatism. The term of service of this regiment will expire on the fourth of June when most of its members will return to Maine.

* * * * *

Here we came across our old friend, A. M. Edwards, who went from Bethel to Detroit, and edited the first temperance paper published in that state. When the rebellion broke out he joined a three months regiment as a private, was taken prisoner at the first Bull Run, and remained at Richmond nearly a year. On being released he raised a company for the 24th Michigan Infantry, of which he was chosen captain. Since the battle of Gettysburg where the regiment was badly cut up, he has been commissioned as major.

Leaving the Fifth we returned to Brandy Station, calling on Lieutenant Kimball commanding the Fourth Maine Battery, with whom we had a pleasant interview. Captain Robinson who formerly commanded the battery has recently been in command of the artillery of the Third Corps. His

health is very delicate and he will probably be obliged to resign. At Brandy we again took the train and passed down to Culpepper. All along the road on either hand the fields were dotted with white tents. Culpepper was named for an English lord of that name to whom the land where it stands was formerly deeded. The town is composed of quite a number of substantial brick houses, two churches, several stores and I believe three public houses. The court house and other county buildings are also here.

General Grant's present headquarters are at this place. A storm of snow and rain had made the roads in a horrible condition but we came down to see the sights and pushed on. Passing up from Culpepper towards the east we found the Fifth Maine Battery camped near the foot of Poney mountain. This battery entered the service two years and a half ago, under the command of Captain Leppein. It has several times traversed over the entire extent of country, from Centerville to the Rapidan, and from Fredricksburg to the upper Potomac. It was through the Peninsular campaign and fought at Bull Run, first and second, at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredricksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Captain G. T. Stevens, who now commands the battery, kindly loaned us a horse, and accompanied us to the summit of Poney Mountain, where is an important signal station. The courses of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers can plainly be traced from this elevation for a long distance. By the aid of a good glass used by the signal officer, the eye can follow them a great portion of the way to where they unite near Chancellorsville. By the aid of this glass we could see the rebel encampments on the south side of the

Rapidan so plainly as to be able to count the logs in their huts and see the rebel soldiers near by playing foot-ball. Cedar Run mountains are quite near Poney Mountain, being on the same side of the Rapidan. There has always been a little confusion in speaking of this mountain. There are three distinct mountains very near together, all bearing the name of "Cedar Run Mountains," from a run which flows along near their base and discharges into the Rapidan. The elevation on which the battle was fought, commonly known as the battle of Cedar Mountain is called "Slaughter Mountain," from a man of that name who lived on and owned the field where the battle was fought. It should properly be called the battle of "Slaughter Mountain." Below this mountain is Clark's mountain on which the rebels have a signal station. We remained on the summit of Poney Mountain until after dark, when the camp fires of the two armies could be seen in every direction. Opposite Raccoon Ford is the camp of General Kilpatrick's cavalry which sends out videttes on all the roads in every direction. A brigade composed in part of the 39th Massachusetts and 16th Maine occupies a position beyond Mitchell's Station and much nearer the rebel lines than any other infantry troops.

A vast amount of picket duty is now performed by this army. The railroad is picketed from Alexandria to Mitchell's station, a distance of seventy miles, requiring nearly the whole Fifth Corps to guard it. A picket line is thrown around the entire army; those on the front and flanks to watch the rebel pickets, and those in the rear to guard against Mosby's thieves, who have been exceedingly troublesome during the past winter.

More or less of the buildings around Culpepper, and in fact all through the country, show marks of violence. A brick house we passed on returning from Poney Mountain, during the advance of the army last winter, was unceremoniously entered by a shell which in its passage killed a man and his little daughter who had left their own wooden house a short distance off and sought shelter here.

The army of the Potomac is now in splendid condition and we predict that when Lieutenant General Grant shall see it in one engagement he will acknowledge himself greatly deceived in its strength and efficiency. There is no army in the United States so well disciplined as this, and none which has done or will do any better fighting.

A few trifling incidents added to the prestige of his name and previous success, have already made General Grant very popular with the army. When the review of the First Corps was being had, and when about half through it began to rain. The general immediately ordered it discontinued and the men sent to their quarters. Another little incident characteristic of the man, and I will close this somewhat lengthy communication. When the general was coming up to Washington on Thursday last, so large a number of re-enlisted soldiers were coming up that the train could not accommodate them all. Some of them went to a nearly empty passenger car, as if to enter, when an officer ordered them back saying "that car was for General Grant and his staff." The general, who was inside, overhearing the conversation, stepped out and characteristically remarked, "General Grant occupies only one seat. The boys can ride," and "the boys" immediately filled the car. April 6, 1864.

ITEMS FROM THE BATTERY.

After many beautiful autumn days, we are now having a severe rain storm. It commenced raining yesterday evening and has continued up to this time, twelve o'clock, with every prospect of a long storm. This will necessarily proclaim a truce between the belligerent parties for the time being at least. The guns of the Seventh are yet in Fort Welch, near the extreme left of the army. Capt. Twitchell is absent on a brief visit to Maine. We are now recruited up to the maximum number and the new men are acquiring good proficiency in the drill. After one of our guns was disabled in front of Petersburg, in August, one section of the battery was turned in. We have recently drawn a new section which again gives us the full complement of six guns, and we have men enough to man them.

We have within a short time lost three of our number by death—two from Rumford and one from Aroostook. Samuel Goodwin was one of the Rumford recruits who recently died at Willet's Point, New York. He was a member of Company "F," in the 23d Maine Regiment, and re-enlisted in this battery. Though somewhat rough in his manner, he was nevertheless a good soldier, ever willing to perform his duty, and as brave in action as the bravest. Let his faults and foibles as a citizen be forgotten, and let him be remembered only as a good soldier who died in the defence of his country.

William Andrews was the other Rumford boy who lately died. He served in the 10th Maine Infantry, but has never enjoyed good health since he joined the battery.

We have just received notice of the death at Alexandria, Va., of George C. Dewitt of Aroos-

took. He was another of our good soldiers. The health of our company is now very good.

The 31st and 32d Maine are now encamped just in rear of our fort. The 32d is about to be consolidated with the 31st, and I understand that the company officers have all concluded to be mustered out. This regiment has been the most unfortunate of any organization from Maine. It was composed of good men, but was not well officered. Colonel Wentworth was with the regiment only a few days while in commission. Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, who was a splendid officer, was away in the southern department when appointed, and after joining his command was, in a few days, seriously wounded and resigned, while the major was removed from the command of the regiment and sent to the rear. But the 32d will soon be no more. Its identity will be swallowed up in the 31st, whose history and reputation are in strong contrast with those of the 32d. And this is entirely due to the fact that the 31st has been commanded. As the cold weather creeps on, our men will need socks and mittens which, with the present rates of postage on such articles, can be furnished from home. Mittens for the soldiers should have a thumb and index finger. November 15, 1864.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD MAINE.

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Connected with our brigade, is a light battery, the Tenth Massachusetts, commanded by a son of Mayor Sleeper of Boston. A few days ago, some one on looking across into Virginia, nearly oppo-

site Edward's Ferry, saw what appeared to be men throwing up earth, and several persons standing around. The idea was at once suggested, that the rebels were digging rifle pits, and Captain Sleeper asked and obtained permission to stir them up with a bomb. The first shell scattered the party which did not reappear. Toward night some one had the curiosity to cross over and investigate, and this is what he reported to have found: A half dug grave with the implements for excavating it still standing in it; a box containing the mortal remains of a colored man; this was all; the battery had broken up a negro funeral and so frightened the mourners that they scattered and did not dare to return and finish what they had undertaken.

* * * * *

I visited the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment at the request of Claude Twitchell who sent for me and whom I found very ill with pneumonia. He was the son of Adams Twitchell of Milan, and a young man of excellent habits and character. He was under age for a soldier and enlisted against the wishes of his parents. I found him sick unto death both in body and mind, for he was very homesick. He appealed to me to assist him, but it was too late. He died the following day.

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Stephen B. Kenney, a young medical student, is our hospital steward, a young man of marked ability and promise. He is very popular with the

men of the regiment, and particularly so with those who have come under his care at the hospital. He spares no pains to make them as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances. (After the war, he finished his medical course and settled in Portsmouth, Va., where he held office connected with his profession, and succeeded well. He now resides in North Carolina.)

* * * * *

Tuesday morning we marched up and pitched our tents on East Capitol Hill, about a mile east of the Capitol. Here we remained till Saturday noon, when we struck our tents and started on a march of sixteen miles to join ourselves to General Grover's brigade. We were delayed so long at Georgetown, waiting for our baggage to come up, that we only reached a point a mile above Chain Bridge, before the night set in dark and cloudy, and we filed off into the woods, and encamped near the river with nothing above us save our blankets and the friendly shelter of the sycamore. We resumed our march in the morning traveling up the tow-path of the Georgetown and Cumberland canal. About ten o'clock it commenced raining.

* * * * *

There is occasionally a complaint of short rations of sugar, and it has been pretty broadly hinted that government sugar finds its way from the commissary department, to the sutler's tent, and that the men are obliged to buy from the sutler what they

ought to draw as a ration from the commissary. This may be nothing but talk, though the men who talk it are among the best in the regiment.

* * * * *

We have lost two by death since I last wrote you. Silas F. Jones of Paris, a member of Company F, died on the 11th inst., and Ira Floyd of Porter of Company K, died two days after, both of typhoid fever. Young Jones was not well after we left Washington, but managed to keep about until a very few days before he died.

* * * * *

Corporal Lewis B. Newton of Andover, a member of Company H, died November 2d, of typhoid fever. He was unwell when we left Washington, and was obliged to go on board the canal boat at Georgetown. Soon after we arrived here his disease assumed a serious character, and he continued to fail until Sunday morning when death came to his relief. He was a very quiet, unassuming man, and was liked by his fellow-soldiers. He was buried Sunday evening with military honors. A quiet spot was selected as his burial place, under the friendly shelter of an oak. At the grave affecting and appropriate remarks were made by the chaplain, and then by the light of the moon which seemed to look down sympathizingly upon the solemn and impressive scene, we buried him, and here his remains will mingle with the dust, far away from his New England home, far away from

his wife and young children, who have not yet heard the sad tidings of his death.

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Adjutant W. H. Hall has been promoted to be captain of Company B, and Sergeant-Major R. E. Whitman to be adjutant. He was subsequently promoted to be captain of Company D. Orders were received for moving Saturday, and at the appointed time the boys, with three days' rations, and knapsacks strapped upon their backs, were ready to march.

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The regiment is now (December 20) distributed as follows: Companies C and H at Seneca; E, F, A and K with headquarters at Muddy Branch; G at Lock number 21; B, D and I at Great Falls. The Massachusetts 39th and New Hampshire 14th, with brigade headquarters are at Poolesville, and the Vermont 10th is stationed in detachments from Poolesville to the mouth of the Monacacy. The place where we are now encamped with regimental headquarters is about two miles below Seneca, and eighteen from Washington.

We left all our sick at the old camp, poor fellows! Some of them will soon be able to join us, but many of them never in this world. We left about twenty of Company F's men there, but only two in hospital, one, J. P. Packard of Paris.

* * * * *

Last Friday some of our cavalry scouts searched a house near here and found thirty muskets, thirty

artillery harnesses, a small cannon, and quite a quantity of ammunition. In another they found the arms and equipments of poor Stiles, orderly sergeant of one of the cavalry companies connected with our brigade, who was killed by the rebels at their recent raid into Poolesville. White gave notice at that time, that he should be over and take Christmas dinner at Poolesville, but in the meantime our brigade moved up here, and he probably changed his mind. On two or three occasions since we came here, rockets have been seen to go up from the house of Major White's relative undoubtedly signalizing our movements to the rebels on the other side. Yet all these men go unpunished, their property is protected, and a soldier punished if he lays his hand on anything. This may all be right but I confess I cannot see it in that light. They are none the less rebels than those in the rebel army, and are ready to do us all the harm they can, and in my opinion should be treated as such.

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Lieut. Joseph H. Abbott of Rumford, of Company F, has been obliged to resign on account of ill health. He took cold at Washington, which brought on a severe and persistent cough, so seriously impairing his health as to render him entirely unfit for duty. He was very popular with the company, and they were right sorry to part with him, but under the circumstances it was the best

thing he could do. We all hope that the good medical treatment and kind care he will receive at home, will soon restore him to health. The vacancy will be filled by the appointment of the present orderly sergeant, S. A. Bolster of Paris.

* * * * *

Since my last communication, we have again moved our encampment, we are now at a place called Offutt's Cross Roads, about two and one-half miles from the river and about the same distance from our former place, toward Washington. We are now situated in a beautiful place on a hill sloping towards the west, flanked on the north by a grove of pines, impervious to winds, and protected on the east and south by a white oak wood. In front towards the west, the land is cleared for nearly a fourth of a mile, making an excellent parade ground. Adaptation as an element of Yankee character, is nowhere better exhibited than among our soldiers in the field. We have been in our new position only three days, and already our boys have built basements of logs two feet high under their A tents, gathered rocks together and built them chimneys, and made themselves very comfortable.

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Near our encampment is a high elevation which overlooks a large extent of country on the Maryland side, and also of the sacred soil over in the "Old Dominion." Edward's Ferry, Harrison's

Island, Ball's Bluff! These places insignificant before the war, but now rendered historic, are plainly to be seen from this point. Here the gallant Baker, acting under the orders of General Stone, unhesitatingly crossed the river in the face of a vastly superior number of the enemy, was repulsed, and fell, while leading his handful of heroes against the hordes of the enemy. As I surveyed the place through a glass, the other day, reposing so quietly in the sunshine, having that hazy, dreamy appearance that is characteristic of Indian summer in the North, I could hardly make it seem that it was so recently the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war. The bluff where it terminates abruptly at the river, is covered with wood and around the left where our troops clambered up, it is covered apparently with a small undergrowth. Above is the field where the rebels formed their line of battle after coming from the woods, and where now repose the remains of the many heroes who fell in the brief but bloody contest.

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Among the Woodstock quota, was Galen G. Bowker who belonged to Company D. He was taken sick of the prevailing disorder and died. His was the only death of a Woodstock man in the regiment. His remains were taken to Bryant's Pond for interment, and for a year or two, his was the only soldier's grave in the cemetery at that

place. Bowker was a genial fellow, and much liked by his comrades.

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Deserters from the Federal army on the Rappahannock, are often arrested by our pickets as they cross the river. They generally claim to be paroled, but are forwarded to Washington. As many as seven have come over in one day, and they represent a large number strolling around on the Virginia side. Those arrested thus far have claimed to be from New York and Pennsylvania regiments.

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A fearful accident occurred last evening at Fort Lyon about a mile from our camp. This fort is garrisoned by the 3d New York Heavy Artillery. Last evening as workmen were at work in the magazine filling shells, a percussion shell was accidentally dropped which exploded, setting fire to other shells and powder, blowing up the entire structure and burying the workmen in the ruins. One lieutenant, a sergeant and eighteen men were killed, most of them being horribly mutilated. A large number were wounded, some of whom have since died. One piece of a shell passed into a tent where the wife of one of the captains of the regiment was sitting, striking her arm and completely severing it from her body. Another piece was driven into a tent where an officer was just sitting down to supper, passing so near his head as to brush his hair

and take away part of his hat rim, but doing no other damage.

* * * * *

A private in one of the companies who has frequently tried to play the bully had his courage tested the other day, and it was found wanting. He was directed by the officer of the picket to perform some duty which was not agreeable to him, and on being ordered quite sharply a second time, he told the officer that but for his shoulder straps, he would flog him. The officer quietly removed his coat and laid it down, remarking that with it he laid off his straps, and waived all the advantage of rank; adding that he was very glad to give him the opportunity he desired. Never was bully more crestfallen than ours, and he sneaked away to his post amid the jeers of his comrades who, from that moment, no longer feared him.

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The sergeants in Company A were stalwart men, not one of them measuring less than six feet in height, and some of them three or four inches over. Their names were: Sumner Nason, William Bagnall, Ethelbert Caswell, William F. Forbes, Edward M. Dearborn and Alvah J. Hervey. This company, mostly raised in Lewiston, came from the shops, the stores and the factories and were a superior set of men. These sergeants were selected in part on account of their height, and at the right of the company and regiment, made a very fine appearance.

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Our business now is to guard the fords of the Potomac, which are very numerous at present. Two commissioned officers and a hundred soldiers are daily detailed for this duty. Their beat is the tow-path of the canal, which runs along the river. The rebels hold the opposite side of the Potomac and are frequently seen by us. We are liable to be attacked by them at any time.

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Last night, after we had retired, the adjutant came from regimental headquarters with orders to have the men sleep with their guns by their sides where they could be seized at any time, as we were liable to be called up at any moment. But the night passed quietly away and we learned this morning that the alarm was caused by the report that three rebel regiments were within a mile of us. It may have been so.

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Night before last Corporal George Norwood of Manchester a member of Company F, 14th New Hampshire fell into the lock while on guard, and was drowned. His body will be sent home. The 39th Massachusetts Regiment is joined to our brigade and is in camp above us. I believe there are no other Massachusetts regiments in the brigade. We left the Maine 25th and 27th at Washington. They are in General Casey's division.

* * * * *

We reached Edward's Ferry about three o'clock and soon after it began to rain. The boat having our tents on board not arriving, we succeeded in borrowing tents of a portion of a Massachusetts regiment quartered here, sufficient for our men while the officers picked up lodgings wherever they could. Your correspondent, with several others, burrowed under a stack of straw and had "elegant" lodgings, to use a phrase of the country. Our boat arrived during the night, and the next morning we marched up to our present encampment, about half a mile from the river, and pitched our tents on a spot where several regiments had before encamped.

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We made nearly half the distance with nothing to break the monotony, when an amusing and characteristic Southern scene took place on the opposite side of the canal. It is "Merry Christmas," you know and of course a general holiday among the colored people of the South. As we were passing a plantation situated on a hill at some little distance back from the canal, we saw several negroes making their way across the field, and soon they made their appearance on the opposite side of the canal, and followed along with the regiment for a couple of miles. There were men, women and children, all dressed up in their best "Sunday clothes," and all seemingly as happy as merry Christmas and

perhaps a little whiskey, could make them. One old fellow seemed really boiling over with mirth, and with hat in hand, sang and danced nearly all the way. When we stopped to rest they all pitched in and great burly males and fat wenches black as sable night, together on the greensward "tripped the light fantastic toe" in a manner that would have surprised a French dancing master. At length they came to a creek, which hindered them from following us farther. With many gesticulations they bade us "good-bye," one old fellow crying after us: "Good-bye, God bress you gemmen. We can't do nothing for you, you can do more for us than we can for you."

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The country in this vicinity, both on the Virginia and Maryland side, is fine for agricultural purposes. On each side of the river is a narrow belt of rich intervale, and then it rises higher into broad table lands, varied here and there by being rolled up into slight elevations, sloping only enough for drainage, intersected by woody ravines, at the bottom of which generally flows a stream of pure water. A little Yankee enterprise infused into the inhabitants, a little more taste in the erection of buildings, a little more neatness in trimming up the trees and shrubbery, with the curse of negro slavery removed, would make this one of the finest sections of country I have ever seen. But like all places on the border of the so-called confederate

states, this place is suffering fearfully in consequence of the war, and it will require years of labor after it shall have ceased to erase the marks of its iron feet.

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Hon. Sidney Perham, member of Congress from Maine, came up to see us a few days ago. He had many acquaintances in the regiment, who were very glad to see him. He came on horseback, and while riding along the tow-path his horse stumbled and threw him into the canal. He suffered no other damage than a thorough wetting.

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Colonel Virgin with his wife is stopping with a man named Young about a mile from the camp. His host claims to be a Union man but the people in this vicinity speak of him otherwise. I hope the colonel will not be molested by White's partisans, but I cannot help thinking he is taking some risk.

* * * * *

We all very much regret the loss of our recent brigadier general, who has been ordered to report to General Banks, probably to go into the Texas expedition. We had seen but little of General Grover since we came here, but his gentlemanly and soldierly deportment made him very popular with our boys. Colonel Davis of the Massachusetts 39th now commands our brigade. Rumors are current here every day, about rebel cavalry being on the

opposite side of the river and scouring the country up towards Leesburg, but we know not what foundation there may be for them. I met Doctor Hunkins last evening at Georgetown. He left Leesburg yesterday morning where he had been acting as division surgeon. He informed me that rebel cavalry were within three miles of there when he left, and would soon re-occupy the place. If they do, they may possibly make another raid into Maryland.

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A negro, recently from the Georgetown hospital where he had been sick of small-pox, presented himself to our pickets at Muddy Branch a few days since, and was taken up to camp where he was fed and then sent away, as it was feared he might impart the disease to the soldiers. He went to a shanty on one of the old picket stations, and the night being very cold, he died. Several days afterward his body still lay unburied in the shanty.

* * * * *

Over thirty teamsters and other employes in the quartermaster's department, were arrested in Alexandria yesterday, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. These miserable traitors have been in the employ of the government for two years, more or less, receiving good pay and professing loyalty, but when the test was applied in accordance with a recent order requiring all government employes to take the oath, and all those in the vicinity of Wash-

ington to be enrolled and organized for the defence of the Capital in case of an attack, they declined to come up to the scratch, and many of them ran away. Those arrested were escorted by a squad of our men to the old Capital prison.

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A member of the First D. C. Volunteers came over last evening with a wagon and some baggage, among which were two muskets. Going to the rear of the wagon, he seized one of the muskets by the muzzle for the purpose of drawing it out, and as the hammer struck the side of the wagon it exploded the cap, lodging the contents of the gun in his right breast, inflicting a wound from which he died in a few minutes.

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To-day I visited the church at Alexandria where Washington and his family attended. The building has undergone some changes both outside and in, but the pulpit and the Washington pew remain the same. On Sundays, this pew is generally filled by soldiers. General Robert E. Lee occupied a pew near by, but this has no interest to a Union soldier since its owner became a traitor to his country.

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The Marshall house where the gallant Ellsworth was shot down in the early part of the war, is an object of interest and visited by large numbers.

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